The Sketch

No. 2528—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

THE QUEEN SEES FUTURE OFFICERS ON PARADE.

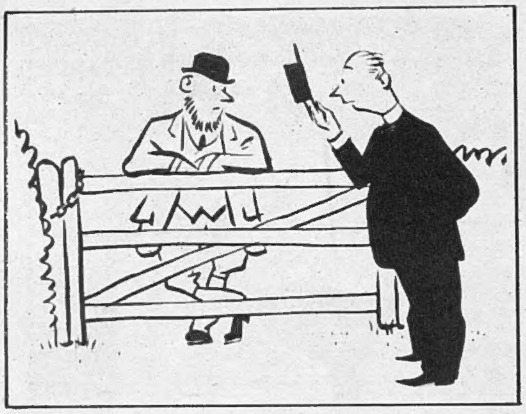
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, *accompanied by the* PRINCESSES ELIZABETH *and* MARGARET, *visited the Royal Military College, or Sandhurst, as it is usually called, and saw the ceremonial passing-out of a company of officer cadets. She took the salute, and presented the best cadet of the term with a miniature replica of the famous Sandhurst Sword of Honour. The custom of giving this award to the most efficient cadet has been abandoned since the war, and it was at her Majesty's request that a miniature was presented.* BRIGADIER BRUXNER-RANDALL, *Commandant of the R.M.C., is seen on the left. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands was also present to witness a number of Dutch cadets receive their commissions.*

A

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Heroes All. Search as I will, I cannot discover in myself the stuff of which heroes are made. Leading the charge at Balaclava, holding a Panzer division at bay single-handed, sitting on and dismantling an unexploded bomb, or even standing on the burning deck whence all but I had fled—no, I cannot honestly say that I see myself cast for these parts. For the V.C., I fear, I am a non-starter, and I doubt whether the George Cross will ever adorn my bosom. It therefore deeply shocks my native modesty when I find myself, for the first time in my life, being regarded as a hero. I frequently get letters from America, Australia and other distant parts of the world which *insist* that I am giving a magnificent exhibition of heroic qualities. It is no use my denying it, no use my protesting that I am just a frail member of a "blitzed" community, with a powerful aversion from bombs and all other forms of frightfulness. They think that is only my touching British modesty. Well, I hope they are right. I suspect, however, that it is an acute case of distance lending enchantment to the view. But it is not for me to disillusion those who think too kindly of me. Let us face the grim truth—we 're *all* heroes! Everybody in America says so, and why should we contradict them? Let us seize heroism while we can—" such an opportunity will not occur again!"



" Blease, excuse, vould you kindly tell de vay it iss to Voolvhich Arnsnal?"
" I can'ta helpa—I'm a da stranger arounda here meself."

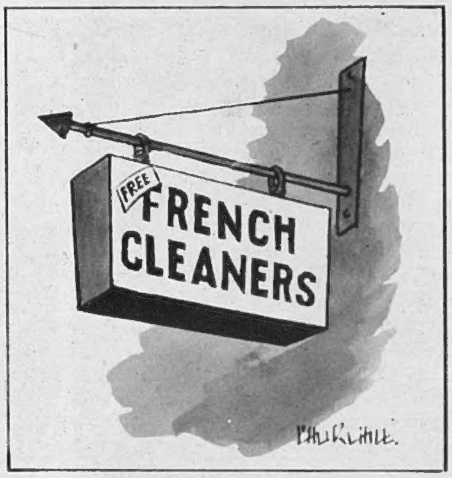
Turning the Other Cheek. But it seems that distance is not alone responsible for this flattering view. There was a time when everybody who came from abroad to observe our war effort gave us a kick in the pants; now everybody seems to aim rather higher on the target, with a pat or even a slap. Well, it is a universally accepted principle that a slap on the back, even if it makes your teeth rattle and dislocates your spine, is always better than a slap in the face. We are all, therefore, gratified to get a few well-aimed thumps from observers as shrewd as Mr. Raymond Gram Swing. We may not feel that we deserve them, but at least we know that such judges are not indiscriminate in their slaps and pats. Let us remember, however, that while we are grateful for any commendation they can give us, we should be equally eager to invite the criticisms which they are too polite to offer unsolicited; for their criticisms also would not be undiscriminating, and we need them from impartial sources.

" No cigarettes or beer at the village inn? Why don't you look on the bright side of things? You have managed to get a daily paper!"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

The A B C of B.B.C. Listening to commentaries by Mr. Raymond Gram Swing, Mr. Quentin Reynolds or Miss Dorothy Thompson, I ask myself why it is that we seem unable to produce in this country any "commentators" of equal authority and appeal? For long past I have admired Mr. Swing's broadcasts as masterpieces of lucidity and compression. The amount of meat extract which they contain is remarkable; they never leave you without either substantial information or solid food for reflection. The B.B.C. has been searching desperately, ever since the war began, for the ideal postscriptor, and it is no disrespect to the distinguished persons who have enlivened our Sunday evenings to say that the search has signally failed. Now, it is certain that no radiologuist will ever be universally popular; in such a vast public, everybody cannot be pleased; indeed, a more difficult task cannot be imagined, and an almost equal measure of bouquets and cabbages is the lot of every broadcaster. But it does seem to me that American radio commentators have studied and acquired an art which few of our performers have begun to understand. I wonder if the reason is that in America the radio is a competitive institution, whereas in England it is a monopoly? In a free and a keen market, a "radio personality" is dependent on the ancient and (despite all modern assaults) unalterable principle called Market Value; in England, it is too often the mere experiment of mysterious suppliers of whom the consumers—*i.e.*, the entire British public—have no knowledge and over whom they have no control.

Gas Attack. Grousing again, did you say? Well, I have it on the authority of Mr. Swing that grousing is one of the most sacred of British democratic privileges. The moment a people ceases to grouse, you can be sure that it is *afraid* to grouse—and we all know what that means; ask them in Germany or Italy or Japan! We are probably the most docile people in the world in obeying our Government; but from time immemorial we have cursed and blamed the Government for everything that has gone wrong. If a comet were to hit the earth, there would certainly be a general election and the Government would be turned out of office. We have a deep pride in our Parliament, and we show it by never losing an opportunity to scoff at politicians. Parliament is, of course, the biggest grouser of the lot; and I see that it is now grousing at its own grousing. There are bitter complaints that speeches in both Houses are too long. Yes, in *both* Houses—the gas attack has spread to "another place"! Imagine a too-loquacious House of Lords! What would Private Willis have said? Must we have a "Guillotine" rule in the Upper Chamber? Well, it will not be the first time that the aristocracy has been reduced to silence by that instrument! I suggest that a less drastic method in the Commons might save time and patience. If all Hon. Members were restricted to a quota of questions per session, it might be a protection against some of the Persistent or Blister political gases.



The patriot!

DRAWN BY CHURCHILL.

Legs and the Woman. Did my eyes deceive me, or did I see the other day an advertisement: "Silk stockings, 2s. per bottle"? The exigencies of make-up are almost infinite, but little did one suppose that (except on the stage) they would ever extend to the legs. But what is a poor girl to do, if there are no stockings, or, at best, stockings which are but an elaborate pattern of ladders after the first wearing? I see the

difficulty, but I deplore it. Let 's face it—the human leg, whether male or female, is not at its best when bare. This limb is, indeed, a very unsatisfactory part of the human specification, as all sculptors have found. It is of strictly utilitarian design, and æsthetics do not enter into it. Also, it is seldom content to be of standard size and shape; it is generally either plus or minus, and the perfect specimen is rare among mortals. There is therefore every excuse for wrapping it up, and if elegant silken integuments are not available, I suppose bottled camouflage will have to do. But, while we are about it, cannot we make the camouflage a little more picturesque? How about some jazz-patterns or surrealist designs? Or, for the matter of that, some old-fashioned landscapes or seascapes? Or, best of all, some bright and eye-filling tattooing, which would have the advantage, besides its intrinsic charm, of being permanent? I observe that a Leg Beauty Parlour, where you can be sprayed (with cellulose finish?) any colour for threepence a leg, has recently been opened. I suggest that tattooing is really the best long-term investment.

Ups and Downs. Probably the stoutest legs in the country—legs which stand on their own merits, without any artificial adornment—are possessed by postmen. In country districts the postman used often to walk twenty miles a day, and now I suppose he cycles far more than that. But what he does on the flat is nothing to his exploits of climbing. The Post Office has recently been inquiring into the ups and downs of postmen, and has made some startling discoveries. One postman, it was found, climbed 1449 stairs ever morning in London flats. With a load of between 20 and 35 lb. a postman uses one and a half times more energy running up and down skyscrapers than on the level. Assuredly, a postman's lot is no more a happy one than a policeman's. But, like the policeman, he is one of our front-line soldiers to whom all honour and gratitude are due. Nothing is more remarkable, in this besieged island, than the manner in which the postal service has defied every assault of the enemy. In times of stress, we have grumbled (most unreasonably) because letters were sometimes delayed or even lost, but how few they have been among the millions which have made their complicated journeys as if all the world were at peace! Think, for example, of the myriads of cheques which must be in the post at any one moment—and how many of them miscarry? Is it an excess of insularity to say that England's postal service in war is better than the postal service of many countries in peace? We talk of feats of arms, but let us not forget the feats of legs which have made England what she is!

The Fall of England. Yet there are times when I feel anxious and uncertain about England's peril. It was with concern that I saw it reported the other day that England had been captured by America in fifteen minutes—which, I suggest, is carrying *Blitzkrieg* too far. The War Office is not accustomed to being hustled, and it was with a considerable shock that it learned, during a recent Army exercise, that an entire Headquarters Staff had been put out of action, before it knew that there was a war on, by an American unit of the Home Guard, cheerfully nicknamed "The Gangsters." This, in the view of the authorities, is definitely not cricket. It is, in fact, baseball, and a home run at that—a thing, let me warn "The Gangsters," not tolerated in the British Army. Our gallant visitors evidently do not realise that there is a certain dignified *pace* about these things. May I ask them, are they not satisfied with *one* Bunker's Hill? Or is this possibly the Battle of Debunker's Hill? It has given rise, I understand, to certain headaches in high places.

Solomon in All His Glory . . . Any baby which has recently contemplated being born has had a delicate problem to solve. In the first place, it has had to decide whether it was worth while taking the step, in the present state of the world's affairs; and in the second place, it has had to take great care not to be born before August 1. For August and post-August babies, no less than fifty special layette coupons; for *pre*-August babies, not a single coupon! It seems a very invidious distinction, and it took the medical advisers of the Board of Trade six weeks to arrive at it. The exact process of reasoning which has settled the zero hour I do not profess to follow, nor would I deprive any baby of its legitimate trousseau; but it comes as a shock to me that a newborn babe should need fifty coupons all to itself, while I can get only sixty-three. This is the first time, so far as I can recollect, that I have ever wanted to be either a baby or an expectant mother, but I begin to have strong leanings in that direction. True it is that we brought nothing into this world, but we seem to need a good deal as soon as we arrive in it.

"Mere chicken feed!"
DRAWN BY TERNENT.

D.K.S.

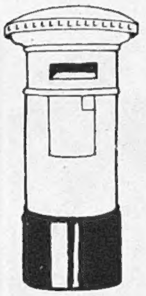
The Danes are well known to be an inventive people, and in their adversity they have lost none of their resourcefulness. Their latest invention is the D.K.S., or Order of *Den Kolde Skulder*, which means the Cold Shoulder. Wherever the Germans go, they find a marked frigidity of shoulders; and you can't very well execute or imprison people for merely having sub-normal temperatures—at least, it appears that you can't, though I am surprised that the Gestapo should stop at a trifle like that. I think this movement must have spread to England. I read that: "A Danish tobacconist will assure a German soldier that he has not a cigarette left." There seems to be, in my experience, a widespread conspiracy of the Cold Shoulder among British tobacconists also, and I, for one, do not appreciate it. However, I congratulate and applaud the Danes. Germans gave us Coventry; perhaps they are now beginning to learn what it feels like to be sent to that city.

"We're queuing up for a few sweets to eat whilst we're queuing up for some sausages." (DRAWN BY MOORE.)

Still Going Strong. Nothing is a better illustration of the Englishman's inalienable right to grouse, to which I referred hereinbefore, than *Punch*. Everybody knows the famous repartee (was it Burnand's or Anstey's?) to the critic who complained that "*Punch* is not as good as it used to be." "No," came the answer instantly, "it never was." And yet this remarkable piece of essential Englishry has gone on for a hundred years successfully not being as good as it used to be. In that respect it is exactly like England itself — and like most sound things in this grousing world. Perhaps the greatest tribute to *Punch* is that it is never better than during a war. In that, too, it is "for ever England"; for only a great people can make fun of itself when locked in a death-grip.

Please forward

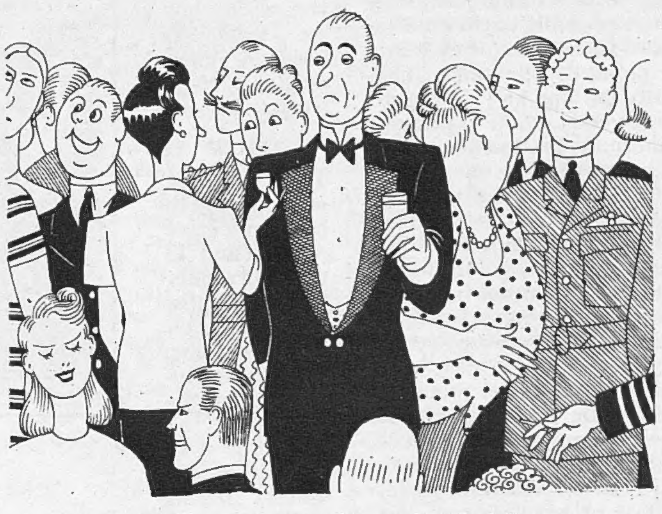
By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Charles and I went to a party last week. I am not a success at a party these days, Robert. I don't know whether it is old age or just that I go to parties so seldom, but as soon as I arrive a sort of film comes over my brain, and I can neither hear nor understand what is said to me, nor can I make people understand what I say. My one idea is to sit as near to Charles as possible and subside into a comfortable silence—a manœuvre which is invariably frustrated by well-meaning hostesses.

At the party last week a man said to me, "Do you play bridge?"
I said, "No."
He said, "Do you play golf?"
I said, "No."
He said, "What do you do?"
I said, "Weed."

He gave me a rather peculiar Look and said he used to read a good deal himself before the war, but didn't have time nowadays. Later on in the evening I heard him say, "You know, the people here simply don't realise there is a war on. I was talking to a woman just now who said she did nothing but read."



"He gave me a rather peculiar Look."

This so discouraged me that on the way home I told Charles that I wasn't going to any more parties. Charles said he thought I ought to put in an appearance from time to time, otherwise people might think he was a widower. I said better a widower than husband to the Skeleton at the Feast. Faith, who was with us at the time, said I couldn't help being thin, and though nobody could describe me as the Life and Soul, I did sometimes manage to look as though I were listening to what was being said to me, and that was something.

"'Weed—not Read.'"

A few days later, when I was in our Cathedral City, I saw the same man standing outside a tobacconist's shop looking at a notice which said, "No cigarettes."

I went up and touched him on the arm and said very clearly and distinctly, "Weed—not Read."

He looked at me in horror and surprise and hurried away, so I suppose he must have forgotten all about it.

This afternoon, when I was taking Perry up the Cliff Path for his walk, there was an Evacuated Mother and a child sitting on one of the seats. As we passed, the little boy, who couldn't have been more than two years old, gave Perry a vicious whack with a stick. The mother brought a bored gaze back from the horizon just in time to witness this dastardly act, and I waited to see retribution fall on the offender.

"Coo-er, Spiteful Thing!" she said in an absent-minded way, and began looking at the horizon again.

Perry, who had never been hit with a stick before, was outraged, and refused to pass the seat again, so that we had to go home by the Street.

All yesterday I was working among the roses, which sounds a good deal more romantic than it really is. Miss Olga Oomph, the famous star of "Mind the Mat," among her roses in the illustrated papers is a very different thing from Mrs. Charles Brown actually among hers. She, poor woman, is generally bleeding from several ugly wounds on arms and legs, looks tired, hot and untidy, and is seen to be jabbing viciously with a hoe at little green shoots which spring gaily from the base of each rose-tree.

Why is it, Robert, that roses, such well-behaved flowers on the whole, keep growing these unlawful shoots? And why does General McArthur, that satisfying deep red rose, whose tendency to turn purple in old age is shared by most generals and a good many civilians, and is therefore condoned—why does General McArthur beget so much illegitimate offspring, while Madame Butterfly, who might be forgiven a few little peccadilloes of this kind, proceeds on a path of pale pink integrity? This is one of the questions which I ask continually, and to which I have never yet been given a satisfactory answer.

The other day I saw some hats in Green's window which looked very attractive. While I was breathing on the glass and admiring them Faith came by.

"What *are* you doing, Henrietta?"
"Looking at those nice hats, Faith."
Faith swung me round and gazed into my face. "You ought to go away more," she said earnestly. "I mean to say, when you start admiring the hats in our High Street——" Words failed her, and she led me firmly from the shop.

A few days later John and Joanna came to stay down here for John's leave, bringing the pleasing, expensive atmosphere which seems to accompany them wherever they go. They arrived at our house, their eyes shining with excitement, and carrying several large paper bags.

"Sweetie," they said as they kissed me, "we've just bought some absolutely wun-derful hats at a shop called Green's, and we want you to have one."
"My dears!" I said, quite overcome.
"I think they are the loveliest hats I've ever seen," said John, "but when I told the girl in the shop so she thought I was laughing at her!"

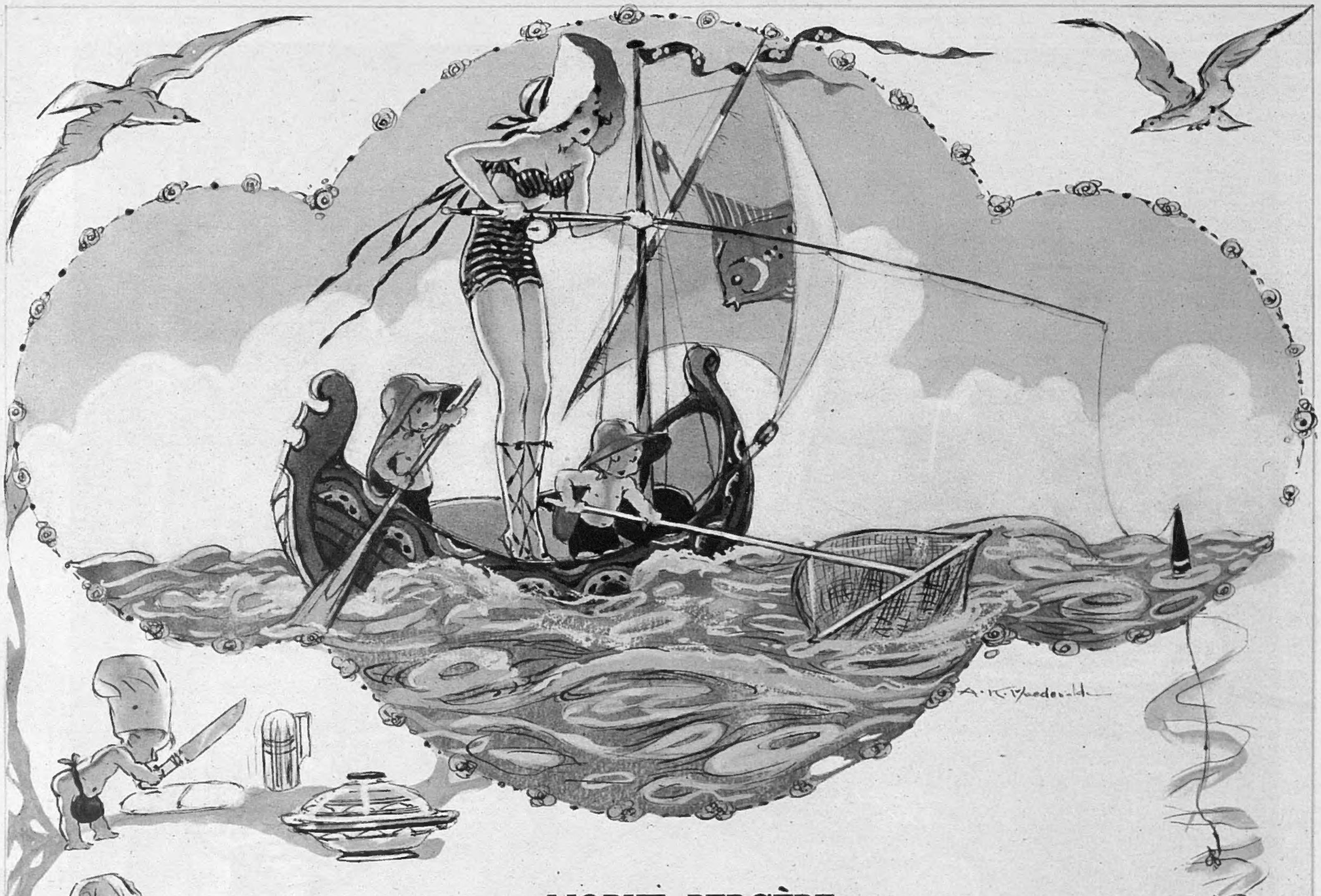
Having exchanged Mr. Green's trimming for something a little more expensive and simple, I wore my new hat down the street next morning. "My dear Henrietta," said Faith, "where did you get that nice hat?"
"John and Joanna gave it to me."
"Ah," said Faith, "there's nothing like a London hat."
"Nothing," I said.

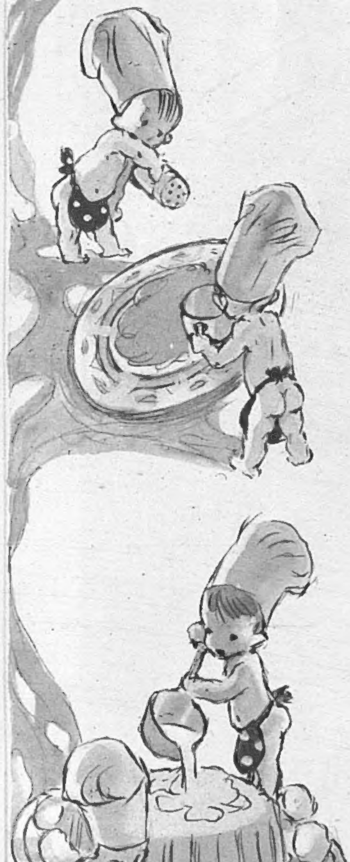
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

"'Coo-er, Spiteful Thing!'"

HAIL, SMILING MORN!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.





MORUE BERGÈRE.

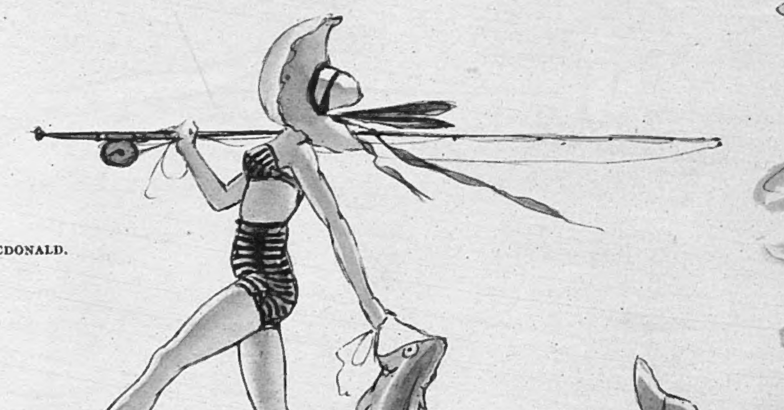
Skin 1 lb. of cod fillet and cut into two equal portions. Chop one half into small pieces, sprinkle lightly with salt, and leave in a covered dish so as to prevent the fish becoming too dry. Put the other half through the mincer with a couple of sardines, from which the bone has been removed, and the crumb of one piece of white bread damped and squeezed into a ball; add a pinch of pepper and half a cupful of white sauce, mix thoroughly into a thick paste. (The ingredients used in the making of this most useful of all sauces have been fully given in previous issues of "The Sketch.")

Oil well a deep metal baking-tin, sprinkle the bottom and sides with bread-crumbs, and arrange the fish in layers, beginning and ending with the mince. Place in a "bain marie" and steam for an hour.

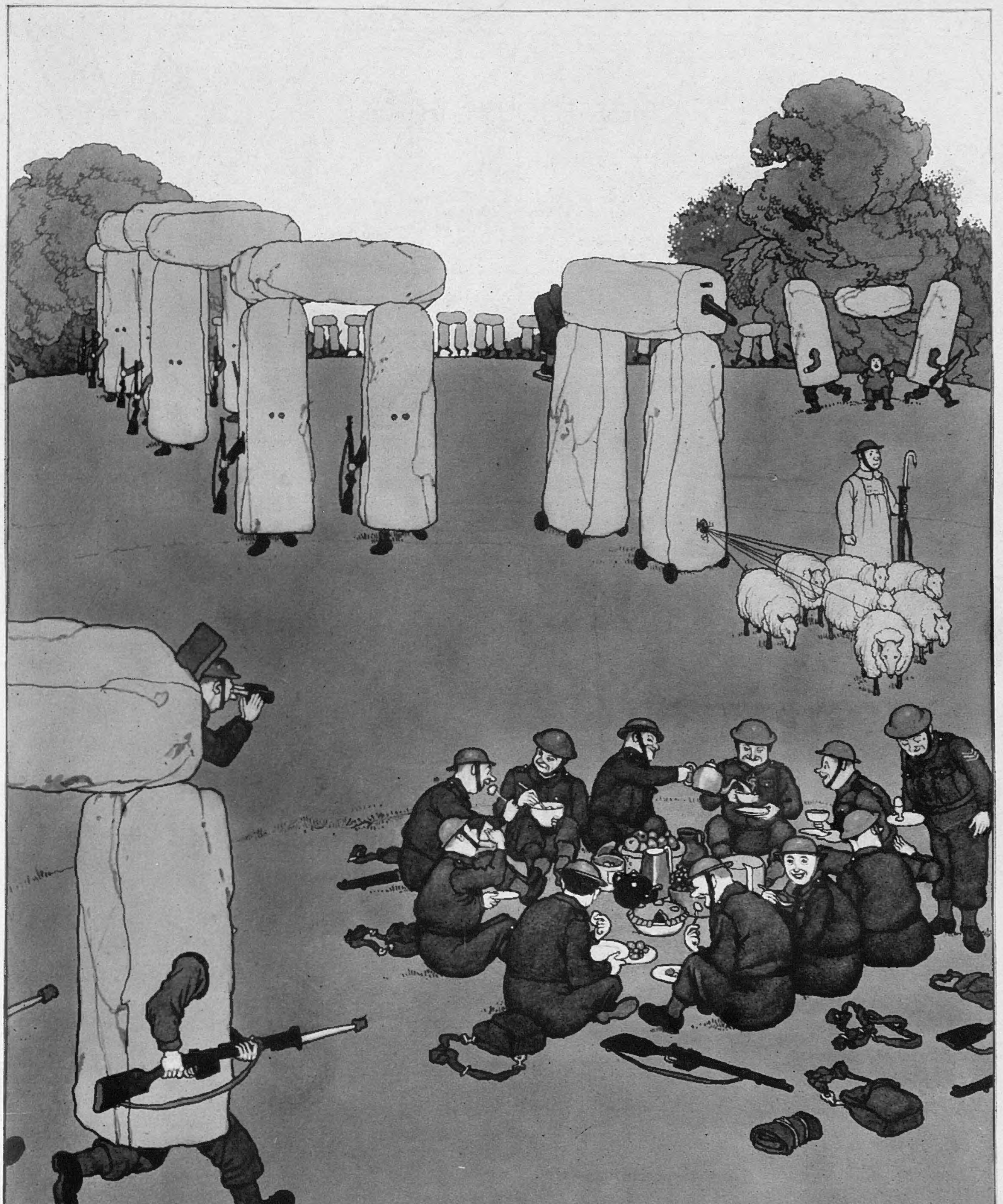
Meanwhile, prepare an anchovy sauce; that is to say, a thin white sauce with anchovy essence to taste—for those who do not like the taste of anchovy, shrimps may be used instead—keep hot.

Turn the fish mould out on to a warmed dish, arrange some small boiled potatoes round the edge, and pour over the sauce just before serving.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.



UNRATIONED RELISH: NO. 11. MORUE BERGÈRE.

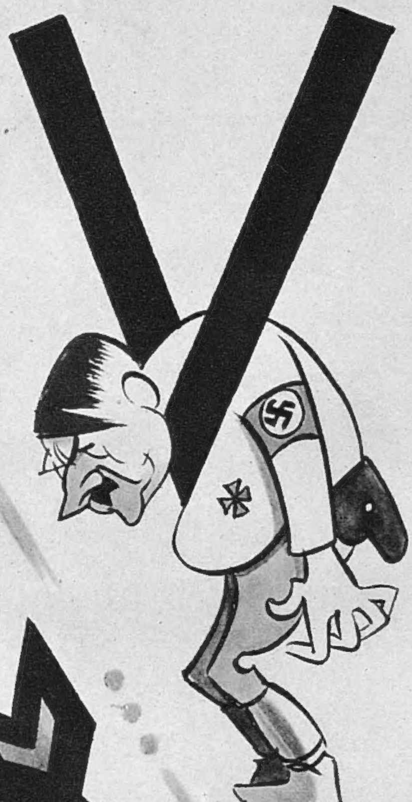


EXPERIMENT IN CAMOUFLAGE.

Mr. W. Heath Robinson is able to reveal that important experiments in camouflage were recently carried out during manœuvres. The "mobilisation" of a famous landmark was among the most successful try-outs.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.



VITAMIN V

The poor old French, it 's rather a wrench,
Meals aren't what they used to be ;
But the news has spread, and their daily bread
Is fortified with Vitamin V !

The wretched Dutch, they don't catch much
Fishing in the Zuider Zee,
But the fisherman's tale is as whopping as a whale,
Full of Vitamin V !

In Scandinavia, dripping and gravy are
Compulsory for dinner and tea,
But the land of reindeer is perking up again, dear,
Lapping up Vitamin V !

Nothing consoles the persecuted Poles
But the growing hope of being free.
Sons of Pilsudski, the news is goodski—
Taste that Vitamin V !

In England it 's the fashion to grumble at the ration,
But better than a cup of tea
Is the stimulating, rejuvenating
Victory Vitamin V !

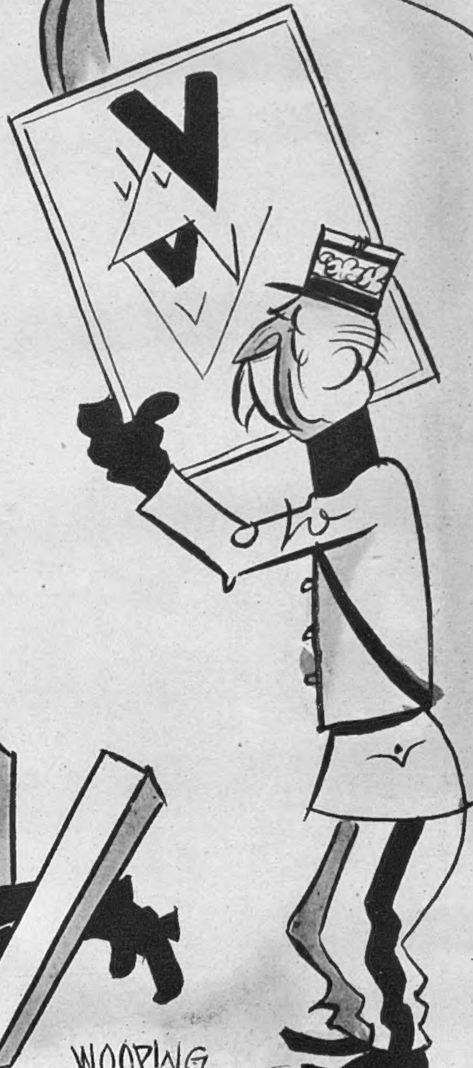
And all the others, our beaten-down brothers,
On this they all agree,
They 'll be laughing when Hitler's starving
For want of Vitamin V !

DE GAULLE GIRL

This Mademoiselle has done her best,
Her courage never flickers.
She 's putting on a V-neck vest,
And wearing Free French knickers !

CAPITAL V

Timely retort
In the Boulevard de Clichy :
" ' V ' stands for Victoire, mon ami,
Not Vichy ! "



RADIO HOWLER

The German radio has urged listeners to adopt the " V " sign.

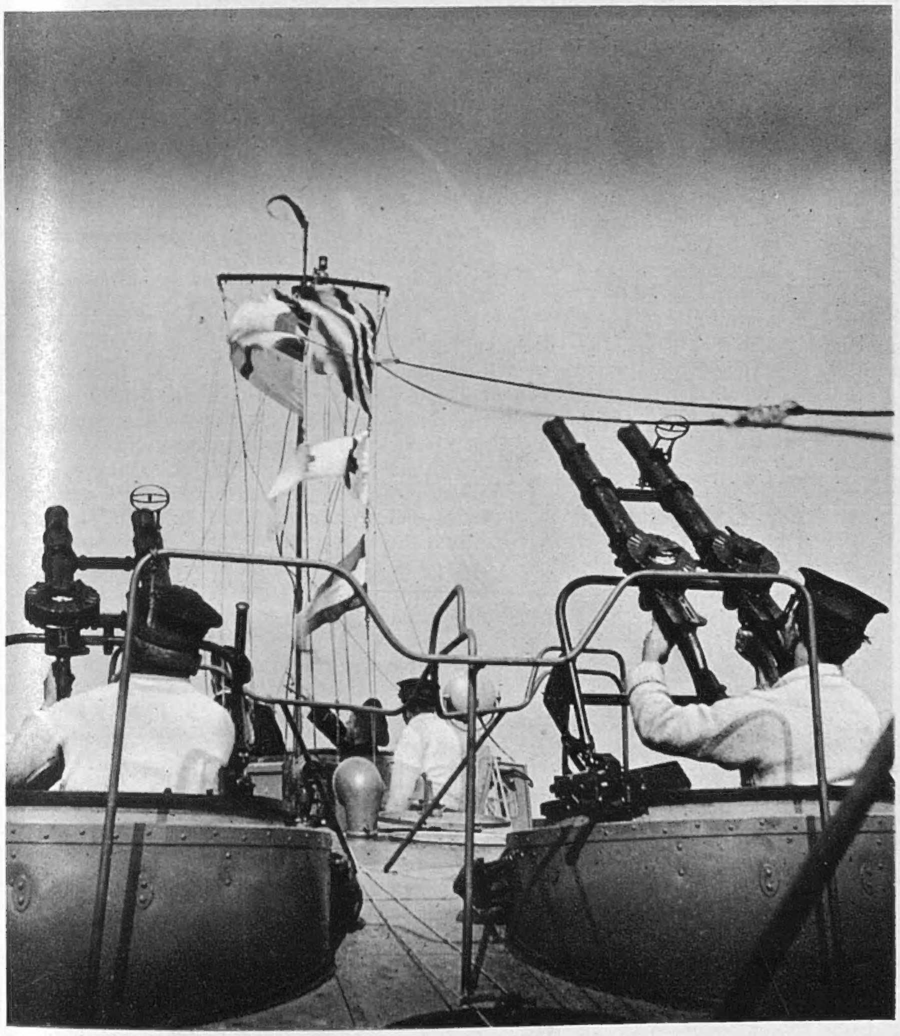
They promise, not to be outdone,
Victory after Krieg.
It cannot be a German one—
" V " doesn't stand for Sieg.

VERSES BY MICHAEL BARSLEY. ILLUSTRATIONS BY WOOPING.

THE CAMERA TRAINED ON THE NAVY.

Liberty men going ashore from H.M.S. "Worcester."

Outboard—hoping to get inboard.



Training guns in a motor torpedo-boat.

On the mess deck of a mine-sweeping trawler.

Cecil Beaton's camera has recently been trained on the SENIOR SERVICE, the result being these splendid pictures. They include picturesque and dramatic studies, which allow land-lubbers to get a glimpse of life as it 's lived in the Royal Navy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

We have learnt, in "The Prime Minister," that Disraeli interested himself, amongst other things, in a Bill for Public Baths and Wash-houses. In "The Young Mr. Pitt," we shall presently see Robert Donat playing at Brooks' Club a game called "Hazard," that was the forerunner of America's modern "craps" shooting. Currently, in "LADY HAMILTON" (Odeon), we discover that Nelson's signal at Trafalgar was intended to read "England confides that every man this day will do his duty." It was an economical lieutenant of signals who asked leave to substitute the word "expects."

In "A Woman's Face" (Empire), reviewed in this article, Dr. Gustav Segert (MELVYN DOUGLAS) *restores beauty to Anna* (JOAN CRAWFORD), *professional blackmailer, whose face in childhood had been badly disfigured by fire, and whose soul had consequently hardened.*

This incident marks the opening of what is certainly the most effective sequence in Alexander Korda's new picture. He has been very deliberate over his Battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, and the result is remarkable. The film is not in colour, but so cunningly has the lighting and camera-work been done, that the effect is full of the suggestion of colour. Korda, I am told, has been careful to keep the sound within the limits of the battle-noises of that day, to study contemporary calibre and the poundage of shells, but even to the ears of twentieth-century bomb veterans, the din is considerable. In contrast to the battle above-decks, the death-scene in the cabin is quietly, almost graciously done. The grouping, the pattern of light and shade is formal, the movement deliberate. There is a suggestion of mediæval Italian painting about the whole scene. One close-up of the dead Nelson has all the beauty and startling emotion of a Crucifixion head. I may be wrong, but in all this sequence I seem to see the hand of art-director Vincent Korda, himself a painter.

To my mind, this is the high-spot of the film, and I wish it could have ended there. I wish, indeed, that there could have been more of the Nelson touch about the film, and less of the domestic affairs of Emma Hart, whom all Miss Vivien Leigh's charm can't turn into a very admirable woman.

To tell the truth, I fancy Mr. Korda himself may have felt a bit stumped when he came down to examining the career of the minx. For Miss Hart, apart from being unquestionably alluring and apparently unfortunate in youth, doesn't seem to have been exceptionally gifted even among the world's great lights-o'-love. The film makes great play of her betrayed innocence, her womanly statesmanship at the Court of Naples, her solicitude for Nelson's health, and her resignation when London received her as an outcast. But nowhere in the film did I detect any sign of mental or spiritual stature, without which a heroine, even one as enchanting as Miss Leigh's, must be a bit of a dullard.

Anna prefers to kill Torsten Barring (CONRAD VEIDT) *rather than his cousin, and regains sanity of mind as her face gained its lost beauty.*

Possibly sensing this, possibly feeling that such a petty life must have a petty end, Mr. Korda has cast his film into an odd shape. He prefaces and ends it with a scene of Lady Hamilton as a drunken, raddled old woman, telling her story to a fellow inmate of a French prison. History, while not, so far as I know, attesting it, gives licence for such a scene—Lady Hamilton, we know, did die in poverty in France ten years after the death of Nelson. It seems hardly likely that she could have turned into such an old witch in such a short time, but drink can do terrible things, as we know who were brought up on cautionary tales like "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and "The Girl Who took the Wrong Turning."

I shouldn't care to say whether you will like "Lady Hamilton" or not. I don't think you will like the prologue and epilogue. I think it is asking too much of human nature to send us away with that picture of Miss Leigh in our minds. You may find Mr. Olivier's Nelson properly reserved or just a little stuffy. I am sure you will like the elegance and grace of the sets, the brilliant sheen of the photography, the whole delicate sense of period precision. And I think you will remember certain intimate moments between the lovers—the scene in which Nelson first gives his name to Emma, the poignant touch with the carriage-rug at parting. There is much in "Lady Hamilton" to admire, something to deplore, and a good deal to argue over. For my own part, I am inclined to class it with "Don Juan" as one of Mr. Korda's brilliant mistakes.

Another celebrated goodlooker of the screen, Miss Joan Crawford, has a raw deal from the make-up department in "A WOMAN'S FACE" (Empire). I don't admire the title much, but there's no doubt that it is explicit. The film *is* about a woman's face, almost exclusively about a woman's face—not the sort of face that launched a thousand ships, but a face so scarred, so mauled about by fire, that it distorts the whole character of the woman who wears it.

With sinister intention her accomplice, Barring, finds Anna a job as governess to Lars-Erik (RICHARD NICHOLS), *a child whose riches he will inherit should the little boy die.*

The victim, one Anna, embittered by the ordeal she has been through, determines to get her own back on the world by blackmail. In her chosen career of crime she is inspired and abetted by a sinister Barring (Conrad Veidt), who seems to love her, but in his heart, we know, loves only power and money. In the course of her blackmailing activities, Anna meets a plastic surgeon (Melvyn Douglas), the husband of one of her victims, who operates on her ruined face and miraculously restores it to its original beauty. With sound features, the blackmailer regains a sound mind—besides love, of course, dawning love for the surgeon who has saved her—and she struggles painfully to turn from her career of crime. Under Barring's hypnotic influence—he is mad of course, quite mad—she seems to acquiesce in a plan to murder her charge, a rich small boy, but at the last minute shoots and kills her own partner.

The film, macabre and melodramatic, goes all out for shocks. George Cukor, who directed it, cheerfully admits that "it might be an Alfred Hitchcock film." The scene is Sweden, the piece being a re-make of one that was originally played by Ingrid Bergman in her native land. Miss Crawford, it is said, saw the picture in America some seasons ago, and persuaded the studio to buy it for her. She frankly admits that she enjoys the experience of playing this Laughton-Karloff rôle. Jack Dawn, the make-up artist, has created a fearsome effect for the right side of her face, furrowing her cheek with a scar, pulling her right eye out of shape to give it a squint. Most of her early scenes, though, she plays with hair and hat pulled down to cover the scar, and in all the later scenes, of course, the famous Crawford features show up unblemished.

No one is likely to contend that "A Woman's Face," is a high classic example of the movie art, but it is first-rate melodrama, and should please the customers quite a lot. Another film that I fancy is going to be well liked is "DANGEROUS MOONLIGHT" (Regal), in which Anton Walbrook appears as a Polish pianist and composer who becomes a flyer in the present war.

The film catches your attention right off with one of the most arresting opening sequences I remember for seasons. You hear discords—jangled, fumbling notes of a piano on the sound-track. You see the hands of the player, Stefan Radetzky (Mr. Walbrook), and his distraught face, as he feels for something that he can't recapture. A girl, his wife Carole (Sally Gray), leans taut against the piano, watching him. It is a hospital room, a war hospital in England. Through the wall, a couple of doctors discuss Radetzky's case. They hope that through the familiar touch of the keys his memory may come back. Suddenly, the broken notes harmonise, begin to take form. You see Radetzky's face. Something is coming . . . he is remembering now . . .

The picture fades back. You see the ruined city of Warsaw in the terrible month of September 1939. Against a background of bombs and gunfire Radetzky, in Polish airman's uniform, is playing the piano in a shattered room. Carole, an American reporter, slips through the broken door and finds him there. That is their first meeting.

Directed by Gregory Ratoff, "Adam had Four Sons" (Regal) is a family drama with the sons of Adam Stoddard (Warner Baxter) as the central interest, and two women, his second wife Hester (SUSAN HAYWARD; *right), and the girl who becomes his third wife Emilie* (INGRID BERGMAN) *as the bad and the good influences. Here Emilie is accusing Hester of slackness which has nearly caused the death of David, one of the sons.*

.VIEN LEIGH *in the name-part of "Lady Hamil-n" has a most magnificent bed. Ten foot uare, its head-board is of egg-shell crêpe, hand-idded, with a rococo top in gold and ivory. he coverlet, hand embroidered and trimmed ith real point-de-Venise, has a heavily em-oidered design in the centre, with a large itial at the foot. The over-draperies, of battle-iip grey velvet and pink net, are tied back with ribbons of pink satin.*

Months later, in New York, they meet again. Radetzky and his friend Mike, an Irish free-lance flyer (Derrick de Marney), have escaped from Poland through Rumania, and Radetzky is to give a concert tour in the States, playing his own Warsaw Symphony. This music, and a little Irish tune of Mike's, haunts the film. Both men, of course, love Carole, but she marries the Pole. Mike goes back to England to join the newly-formed Polish air squadron, and is killed in action. After a brief, idyllic romance, his friend follows him, in spite of all Carole's attempts to hold him back. In an air-battle, his ammunition runs out, he rams a Messerschmitt and crashes. . . . And so back to where we came in, the hospital room, the anguished arole, the musician's hands groping towards the chords of his Warsaw ymphony.

"Dangerous Moonlight," as you will see, is not a very important picture, ut it has been rather beautifully done by director Brian Desmond Hurst and his script-writer, Terence Young, so that trivial little scenes catch your imagination and haunt you. Georges Perinal's luminous photography, too, gives the film an unusual quality. The acting will please most people, my own especial fancy being for Derrick de Marney's wild Irishman and Percy Parsons' leathery old American father. . . . And if anybody wants to give me a birthday present, they can send me a copy of Addinsell's original Warsaw Symphony. Like the unfortunate Radetzky, I find the darned thing eluding and fascinating me.

I don't think "JEANNIE" (Leicester Square) is quite such a successful British picture, but then perhaps I am prejudiced. I happened to like Aimée Stewart's simple play very much in its original form, and am inclined to look rather harshly on innovations. These incline towards knockabout comedy—a football sequence in Vienna, for which I can see no justification whatsoever—and a rather heavy underlining of the obvious.

Barbara Mullen plays her original stage part of the Scottish drudge who inherits a small, very small fortune, and spends it all on a romantic holiday in Vienna. Miss Mullen will be talked about. She is no tearing screen beauty, and I insist that she needs much more careful make-up and camera-work than the present film gives her, but she is always the focus of the picture. You look at her. You keep on looking at her. Her soft Irish voice — I'm sorry, I know it's a Scottish part, but I still say, her soft Irish voice—her enormous eyes, and that quality of stillness which she shares with the greatest of the screen actresses hold you irresistibly. You may like her, or you may not like her, but you can't overlook her. She is a *person*. She will never be the conventional screen star, but she might, with care and affection, be made into a very extraordinary one.

Albert Lieven, also from the stage play, gives a sensitive study of the Viennese Count who regretfully, but practically, subordinates love to money. It hurts him, you feel, but he does it. Michael Redgrave appears oddly as a Yorkshire salesman of washing-machines, putting in his bid at the Vienna trade fair. For a business man, and a Yorkshire one at that, he seems to be thrown out of gear pretty easily by love. Perhaps I am prejudiced again, but I had a nurse from Huddersfield.

It seems odd to-day to remember that there was a time when we shuddered before the ruthless modern problem of the gangster, as exemplified in "The Public Enemy," "Scarface" and "Little Cæsar." Now another film has turned up from a story by W. R. Burnett, the author of "Little Cæsar," and it seems as remote and nostalgic as though it were dealing with the exploits of highwaymen or mail-coach bandits. The title is "HIGH SIERRA" (Warner's), and it presents Humphrey Bogart as "the last great gunman," run to earth by the Californian police high up in the snow-capped mountains. Mind you, it is brilliantly done, and Mr. Bogart has the authoritative part he has been waiting for ever since he made that extraordinary début as the killer in "The Petrified Forest." As a cops-and-robbers man-hunt it could hardly be better, but there is no doubt that time, and murder on a more cosmopolitan scale, have destroyed its sense of immediacy.

Finally, we have a thing called "ONE NIGHT IN LISBON" (Carlton), which proves to be mostly Hollywood's idea of the humours of London in wartime. A beautiful A.T.S. girl (Madeleine Carroll) meets a ferry-pilot from Texas (Fred MacMurray) in a street shelter during an air raid. Love, quickly and comically blooming, ousts the chances of a stuffy naval commander (John Loder) and whisks the pair off to Lisbon for the night of the title. Some business about spies intrudes here, a Cabinet Minister and a code letter, but, as Arthur Askey has so succinctly put it, I don't suppose it will matter. The prevalent tone is one of light, amorous comedy, and neither bombs nor Service responsibilities appear to ruffle Miss Carroll's *soignée* charm.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND *(left) stars with* JAMES CAGNEY *(right) in "The Strawberry Blonde" (Warner Theatre; August 22), story of a dentist's troubles. The strawberry blonde* (RITA HAYWORTH) *and her young man Jack Carson (both centre) are the cause of his early worries and his eventual happiness.*

LADY DEMETRIADI *and* MRS. R. DE LANGLEY *(Helen Haas, the sculptor) gathering herbs in the well-stocked border of a private garden.*

The elder-tree harvest. Flower-heads and the sticks which grow from the main trunk are needed. Pith from the latter is useful.

Left: How to differentiate between the mint for sauce and that for tea. The latter is the broad-leaved variety on the right.

Right: A bed of balm, an aromatic plant of the natural order Labiatæ, which has a delicious lemon scent and soothes the nerves.

HEDGEROW AND WOODLAND HARVEST OF HEALTH.

The pink-flowered centaury provides a useful drug. It is of the Gentian family.

The leaves of the Spanish chestnut provide a remedy for coughs, foxgloves yield digitalis, and chlorophyll comes from the nettle.

Lady Demetriadi in a foxglove glade, gathering the leaves and seeds for digitalis.

The scented lime-tree's treasure. Boughs bearing the flowers, which should be dried to make "tilleul" infusion (lime tea).

Left: Mrs. de Langley with cleavers, or goosegrass (Galium aparine). *The roots make a red dye, and the plant also provides a blood-purifying drug.*

Right: The burdock (Arctium lappa), *from which a diaphoretic and diuretic drug is obtained. It's good for rheumatism and catarrh.*

Mrs. de Langley cutting elecampane (Inula helenium). *The root, leaves and fruit are used in medicine.*

LADY DEMETRIADI is working for the campaign to garner the harvest of herbs so long neglected in this country, now urgently required for medicinal purposes. The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, have issued a list of herbs required. These include belladonna roots, and leaves, dandelion roots, stinging-nettles, valerian and foxglove. The medicinal qualities of these are well known, but the value of lime-flowers, the broad-leaved mint, and the elder-flower are not, perhaps, so commonly acknowledged in this country. Lime infusion (tilleul) is a delightful substitute for tea, and an excellent sedative. Elecampane, centaury, and goosegrass are plants mentioned in all old herbals for their valuable medicinal qualities. Full information is obtainable from the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew.

The water-lilies in the lake are useful as well as beautiful, for the roots and leaves are excellent in poultices.

GORDON VICTOR MATTHEWS, *winner of the Gold Medal, the King's annual prize to the most promising cadet of H.M.S. "Worcester," was chaired round the grounds by his brother-cadets on Speech Day.*

H.M. *the* KING *gave the* QUEEN *a helping hand when she stepped down from a new type of armoured troop-carrier after riding in it during the royal visit to the Southern Command.*

MISS BRIDGET GIBSON HARRIS, *twenty-one-year-old London A.F.S. girl, was awarded the British Empire Medal for her courage in an air raid.*

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL *posed for* BRADSHAW CRANDALL *for his "Victory" poster, which will be submitted to the Premier.*

JESSIE MATTHEWS *attended the Willesden Hospital gala and assisted Sonnie Hale and C. B. Cochran to award the title of Beauty Queen of Willesden war-workers.* AUDREY BULLOCH, *aged two, presented a bouquet. Audrey narrowly escaped death in a raid.*

The HON. MRS. BRIAN FAIRFAX-LUCY *was the Hon. Alice Buchan. She is the daughter of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, the historian John Buchan, formerly Governor-General of Canada. Her activities include looking after evacuees, and occasionally acting with the Oxford Repertory. She has written a historical novel, not yet published.*

ROYAL OCCASION, PRESENTATIONS, WEDDINGS, ENGAGEMENTS

Shell splinters picked up in Hampstead and auctioned in the U.S.A. by Miss Milligan raised funds to buy a mobile tea-car. SIR ALFRED PICKFORD, ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY FREMANTLE, MRS. P. LATHAM, CAPT. LATHAM, LORD NATHAN, *and* MRS. SCANLON *attended the presentation at Admiral's House, Hampstead.*

SUB-LIEUT. WALTER J. ALGERNON BOYLE, R.N.V.R., *only son of the late Hon. Walter Boyle, married* MISS ANITA DIANA GREENHOW, *elder daughter of Mr. W. H. Greenhow, at St. Andrew's Church, Cobham.*

MISS MARY ELLIS, *in private life Mrs. Jock Roberts, sold tickets at a garden fête held at Dowdswall, Selkirk, in aid of the Cripples' Welfare Association.*

MISS ISABEL RADFORD *is the younger daughter of Mr. E. H. Radford, M.P., and Mrs. Radford, of White Gables, Wilmslow, Cheshire. She is engaged to Captain J. Roland Elliott, R.A.*

Vhen PILOT OFFICER IAN McRITCHIE, *of Melbourne, Australia, married* ISS JOYCE McARTHUR, *only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas IcArthur, a Victory "V" took the place of the usual lucky horseshoe presented to the bride when she left the church.*

The engagement of MISS MARY CLIFFORD, *elder daughter of the Hon. L. J. Clifford, of Chudleigh, Devon, and Melbourne, Australia, and the late Mrs. Clifford, to* LIEUT. JACK WOLFF, *youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wolff, of the Dene, Bushey, Herts., now at Finkley House, Andover, has been announced.*

PICTURED NEWS OF VARIED EVENTS AND LIFE IN WARTIME.

" Once I met a dry-goods drummer,
Never was a drummer dumber . . ."

" And now my wardrobe's ample—here's a sample.
And that's how I got my start."

" Nobody h
I 'm just

" I got this bit of knitting merely sitting,
And that's how I got my start."

" Why is it they're so kind to me,
Men who have all made a mint?"

" Why do they act so g
Couldn't somebody dro

"HOW I GOT MY START" BY "KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE" CINDY LOU:
MARY MARTIN SINGS THE STORY IN A STRIP-TEASE SEQUENCE.

…on me,
…the air . . ."

" There's still an age of chivalry,
If the truth of it all were laid bare . . ."

" Once I met a famous painter,
Never was a painter quainter . . ."

…int?"

" There you have my whole life-story,
Struggling on the road to glory.
Ho! Hum! It's great to be alive to-day."

" So let this be a lesson—
Keep 'em guessin',
'Cause that's how I got my start."

Here's the full sequence of MARY MARTIN'S song-hit "That's How I Got My Start," from the film version of ("European Spring") Clare Boothe's "Kiss the Boys Good-bye," in its Paramount picture form. This comedy hit of Broadway's 1938-9 season was "meant to be a political allegory about Fascism in America," the author explained, and not a "parody of Hollywood's search for Scarlett O'Hara." But the movies have changed all that, and have converted its trenchant wit into comedy, entertainment and musical charm. The character of Cindy Lou Bethany, the incorruptible Southern beauty, is retained and played enchantingly by Mary Martin, the young girl from Weatherford, Texas, who stormed Broadway's heart with her Siberian strip-tease in "Leave It to Me," and has made a big film hit. At her Beverly Hills home Miss Martin gave a special performance of her picture song-hit, "That's How I Got My Start," in the character of Cindy Lou, for the benefit of photographer Peter Stackpole, who took these speaking pictures.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MRS. PAMELA HOWLEY CAHAN—*for her neat uniform design for the British-American Ambulance Corps' women field workers.*

MRS. PAMELA HOWLEY CAHAN, daughter of Gertrude Lawrence, the English stage star, is seen wearing the uniform she designed for the British-American Ambulance Corps' women field workers. The colour scheme includes ochre, olive-green, beige and red.

THE famous Crazy Gang comedians JIMMY NERVO and TEDDY KNOX added a topical note to a hospital procession fête when they rode a couple of donkeys "To Moscow" all dressed up as Hitler and an A.D.C.

THE KING recently awarded the V.C. to twenty-one-year-old New Zealand Air Force SERGEANT PILOT JAMES ALLEN WARD for crawling out on the wing of a Wellington bomber 2½ miles up in the air, to put out a fire, braving almost certain death. He wrote home to his mother describing the affair, and added: "I was very careful."

NERVO AND KNOX—*for thinking a donkey the proper mount for a Nazi ride to Moscow.*

SGT. PILOT J. A. WARD, V.C.—*for telling his mother he was "very careful" when he crawled out on a bomber's wing to extinguish a fire 2½ miles up in the air.*

MR. HARRY PLATT *(ship's figurehead modeller)—for finding in* DANA DALE *a pretty guide for a sailor.*

MR. HARRY PLATT made a charming choice for a sailor's guide when he used DANA DALE as model for a new figurehead he was making.

LIEUT. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, thirty-eight-year-old Hollywood film-star, is now an officer in the U.S. Naval Reserve. He has just arrived by bomber from New York to take up his post as Assistant Naval Attaché to the American Embassy in London.

SUB-LIEUT. LAURENCE OLIVIER and LIEUT. PETER HALFORD, both officers in the R.N.V.R., are piloting 'planes for the Fleet Air Arm. Laurence Olivier's last film is "Lady Hamilton," which he made with his wife, Vivien Leigh. They both returned recently from Hollywood for the war. Lieut. Peter Halford is an Ice-hockey International.

LIEUT. ROBERT MONTGOMERY—*for abandoning the Hollywood sets for a place on the London front.*

SUB-LIEUT. LAURENCE OLIVIER *(film-star) and* LIEUT. PETER HALFORD *(Ice-hockey International)—for their steep ascent to fresh heights in the Fleet Air Arm.*

AMAZONS OF THREE ELEMENTS.

WRENS, *as the members of the Women's Royal Naval Service are called, don't go to sea, but, as our photograph shows, they are not unacquainted with their Service's own element. When off duty they thoroughly enjoy a trip in a sailing-boat. In the background some Naval ratings are seen at boat-drill in a cutter.*

Girls of the AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE *now rank as members of the Armed Forces of the Crown, and for the first time in military history are working with men on some of the gun-sites. Here a mixed gun crew are seen at an artillery practice camp.*

The BALLOON BARRAGE W.A.A.F.'S *wear smart aircrew suits. Here some of the "Amazon Flight" which has been trained for the work in the Midlands, are "turning the bow" of a balloon.*

Selected aircraftwomen of the WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE *have been trained to handle and maintain barrage balloons, and are running a balloon site. The girls are steadying their balloon as it is being made fast.*

SPY-THRILLER "COTTAGE TO LET" AS A FILM.

"COTTAGE TO LET," *the film adapted from Geoffrey Kerr's spy-thriller stage play, and directed by Anthony Asquith, was due for production at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on August 10.* CARLA LEHMANN *plays Helen Barington, daughter of the scientist who has invented a new bomb-sight. A Fifth Column gang plans to kidnap Barington, working through a spy who has been placed in his house as a cook by means of a bogus domestic agency presided over by Mrs. Stokes. A German agent, Perrey, also gets into the circle by pretending to be a British airman who has had to bale out. He is the first patient in the cottage hospital set up in the grounds of Barington's house, and is Mrs. Stokes's brother.*

Helen (CARLA LEHMANN) *nurses bogus Flight Lieut. Perrey* (JOHN MILLS). *Charles Dimble* (ALASTAIR SIM) *looks a foolish fish, but is a British M.I.5 agent.*

Mrs. Stokes (CATHERINE LACY) *apparently runs a domestic agency, but Charles Dimble rightly suspects that her business is by no means so innocent.*

Ronald, the evacuee (GEORGE COLE), *has discovered that Perrey is a spy who has kidnapped Barington, and is in danger of death.*

Charles Dimble has a chat with Mrs. Trimm (MURIEL GEORGE), *the spy cook. She sends out news by carrier-pigeons.*

John Barington (LESLIE BANKS) *and his butler, Evans* (WALLY PATCH), *are kidnapped by the spies, headed by Perrey, and taken to a deserted mill.*

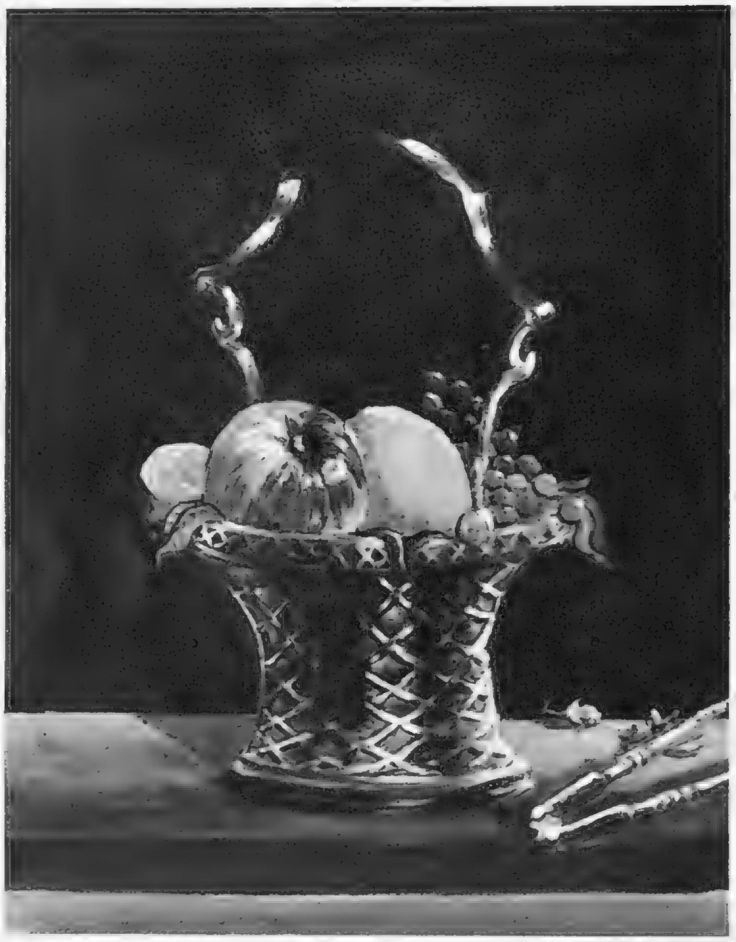
BLONDE BOMBER.

VERONICA LAKE, *who plays bad girl Sally in Paramount's* "I WANTED WINGS" *(now generally released), is a dramatic film find whose dynamic personality earned her the name of "blonde bomber." She meant to be a doctor, but changed her mind when a friend took her to R.K.O. studios. In August 1940 she had a test, after playing three small parts under her real-life name of Constance Keane. This resulted in her being cast for the big rôle in "I Wanted Wings," and her leap to fame. Her next picture will be a Preston Sturges' production, "Sullivan's Travels."*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S posthumous novel, " Between the Acts," is the signal for us to raise our hats to the memory of a rare and exquisite gift, a will-o'-the-wisp among more stationary and consistent luminaries, now tragically extinguished. But it is more than that, more than the final flicker of a light which, brightly as it burned, sometimes served only to emphasise the surrounding darkness. It has a personality of its own, a personality freer, more capricious, more enterprising, more human, than those of its predecessors, " The Years " and " The Waves." They were novels written under the direction of a general idea. Few people, perhaps, would agree as to what the idea was, and I do not pretend to say; but it was connected with the dictum of Heraclitus, that all things flow and nothing abides. The notion of fluidity, in time and personality, increasingly influenced Mrs. Woolf's vision of life and people, and the sense of the present, as being in some way distinct from the past and the future, grew as faint as it is in dreams. And since the beat and accent of one's consciousness, indifferent to metaphysics, always falls heaviest on the passing moment, her last two novels, which ignored that, have the vagueness of a piece of music written without a definite rhythm; for there can be no rallying point in a flux, no measure in what is immeasurable. And the uniqueness of personality, or what seems its uniqueness to finite human beings, its self-consistency and the traits which set one man apart from his fellows, fades away when seen as part of a process of endless repetition. Only sensation and the faculty of gathering impressions remain. In " The Waves," and to some extent in " The Years," the characters were sentient flotsam and jetsam floating on the tide of Time.



" STILL LIFE—BASKET OF FRUIT," *by Ernest R. Willis, is one of two clever paintings by a seventeen-year-old schoolboy which were hung in this year's Royal Academy. It was painted when he was sixteen; the other acceptance was a flower-piece. Mr. Willis's favourite medium is oils, but in his spare time he does a good deal of modelling and sculpture.*

" Dispersed, dispersed . . . "

" Between the Acts " marks a return to Mrs. Woolf's earlier manner, before individuality had become soluble in the crucible of timelessness. We still have the feeling that all Time is one: the pageant of English history enacted before the villagers and the family party at Pointz Hall emphasises that. And the recurring refrain, " Dispersed, dispersed are we," is a melancholy commentary on human life, its lack of cohesion, its failure to achieve solidarity. But in spite of this, in spite of the rather confusing opening in which one makes the acquaintance of different generations of the Oliver family more by haphazard contact with their unrationalised consciousness than by any formal introduction, there are signs that Mrs. Woolf was returning to a more conventional conception of the novel, a conception which allowed for a more objective characterisation. Mrs. Manresa, for instance, who, uninvited, descends on the party with the attendant swain who is so ashamed of her, is a brilliant portrait of a human being so real and forceful that she seems to start from the page. And Miss La Trobe, author of the pageant and apostle of its message (she never speaks, alas, to tell us what it is) is wonderfully vivid. Mrs. Sands is a flesh-and-blood cook; even the village idiot, who merely has to be himself in the pageant, belongs to life as well as to literary tradition.

One feels that a sense of the reality of human beings was returning to Mrs. Woolf. Though they are separated from us by a veil of allegory and insulated to some extent by being presented in that radiant medium of poetry in which her characters always move, they are real people, not just recording consciousnesses. We find an occasional obscurity—what, for instance, does " Europe poised with planes " mean?—and Mrs. Woolf has withheld her ultimate meaning; otherwise the light that shines through this beautiful little book is more luminous, and less dazzling, than it ever was.

Mr. John Masefield.

One of the most constant qualities of Mr. Masefield's writing is its freshness. He has written a great many books and still pours them out; yet they come as bright from the mint as ever, and bear not the faintest impress of fatigue.

This freshness is especially noticeable in his most recently published book, " In the Mill." " A Chapter of Autobiography," as the sub-title calls it, this record deals with the experiences of his eighteenth and nineteenth years, when he was working as the employee of a carpet factory in Yonkers, New York, and had not yet begun to cherish literary ambitions. They came to him while he was there; and some of the most fascinating passages in these reminiscences describe his first experiments in the art of letters. He became an omnivorous and unselective reader. " Trilby " enthralled him; its picture of " an enchanted companionship of men linked together in the practice of art " gave him " the image of a double happiness," and inspired him, moreover, with the wish to learn French.

> I bought a French grammar and dictionary and, as Trilby mentions the book, the '*Trois Mousquetaires.*' . . . The book refers to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and to Darwin's *Origin of Species*; I bought those, too, and some school editions of the comedies of Molière.

Literary Beginnings.

So, in this haphazard fashion and amid these seemingly unpromising surroundings, the foundations of a lifetime's culture were laid; and soon the young mill-hand was experimenting with every kind of literary composition and imitation—the enthusiasm which sustained these efforts being controlled, however, by a sense of self-criticism almost equally strong. The months passed; Mr. Masefield made money and saved it and his prospects at the mill, he was assured, were of the brightest; but an overpowering wish to return to England made him throw up his job. " Get out of it before the life gets you " was a phrase he had often heard on the lips of sailors, and " I meant to get into poetry somehow before the mill got me." The preparations for the Diamond Jubilee excited his imagination with nostalgic longings. And though he could stand cold pretty well (" In England, I have often sat out of doors writing with the ink freezing on the nib of my pen," he says), he disliked the cold in Yonkers, with its accompaniment, " the long shutting down of natural beauty."

The young painter himself, MR. ERNEST R. WILLIS, *is a Harrow School boy.*

The Mill.

So he returned to England, insisting, characteristically, on working his own passage. But looking back he has nothing but kind thoughts of the mill:

> I repeat that I have nothing but gratitude towards the mill; it gave me a square deal, with ample pay for a good day's work, and the leisure for which I had longed for years; it gave me a chance to study.

Memories of the mill gave him a text for discussing the spirit and conditions of industry then and now.

All this happened in another century, in another world, before the first of the great wars, at a time when there was some belief in human progress, some care for the finer kinds of knowledge, and much apathy and some hostility towards the multitude.

His fellow-workers in the mill were in the happy position of being "defended, first by dignity, then by hope; and these two comforts, long denied to many European workers, are by no means small." They are, Mr. Masefield thinks, the essential foundations of society. Supported by them, the men took an interest in their work—not for the æsthetic pleasure it gave them so much as from the mere satisfaction of getting it done. On the æsthetic side they were starved. The designs produced by the kaleidoscope system, though two thousand colours were in use, were too mechanical to be interesting. Few of the men ever bothered to look at the completed pattern. When they were presented with an imaginative design—*e.g.*, of a fox running off with a goose, it immediately awoke their enthusiasm. "Gee, boys, that is some carpet; the good old Fox again." Mr. Masefield was a disciple of William Morris, but he does not agree that weaving by hand must necessarily give better artistic results than the power-loom. "The power-loom is a superb and splendid servant. Of course man, latterly, has used all his machines to destroy some element of his humanity."

In "Close Quarters" at the Apollo, KAREL STEPANEK *and* BEATRIX LEHMANN *revive the two-character play which had such success with Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka a few years ago. This piece by W. O. Somin is a play of strong emotional tension in which the man is suspected of a murder which the woman has committed. It is on for a six-weeks' run.*

This is not the only pessimistic reflection that the world he has lived on into extracts from Mr. Masefield. He calls war "that accursed abomination with which soldiers, statesmen and all with debased views of life afflict mankind." But in this book his eyes are fixed on the past, a retrospect that is almost uniformly cheerful.

This Modern World.

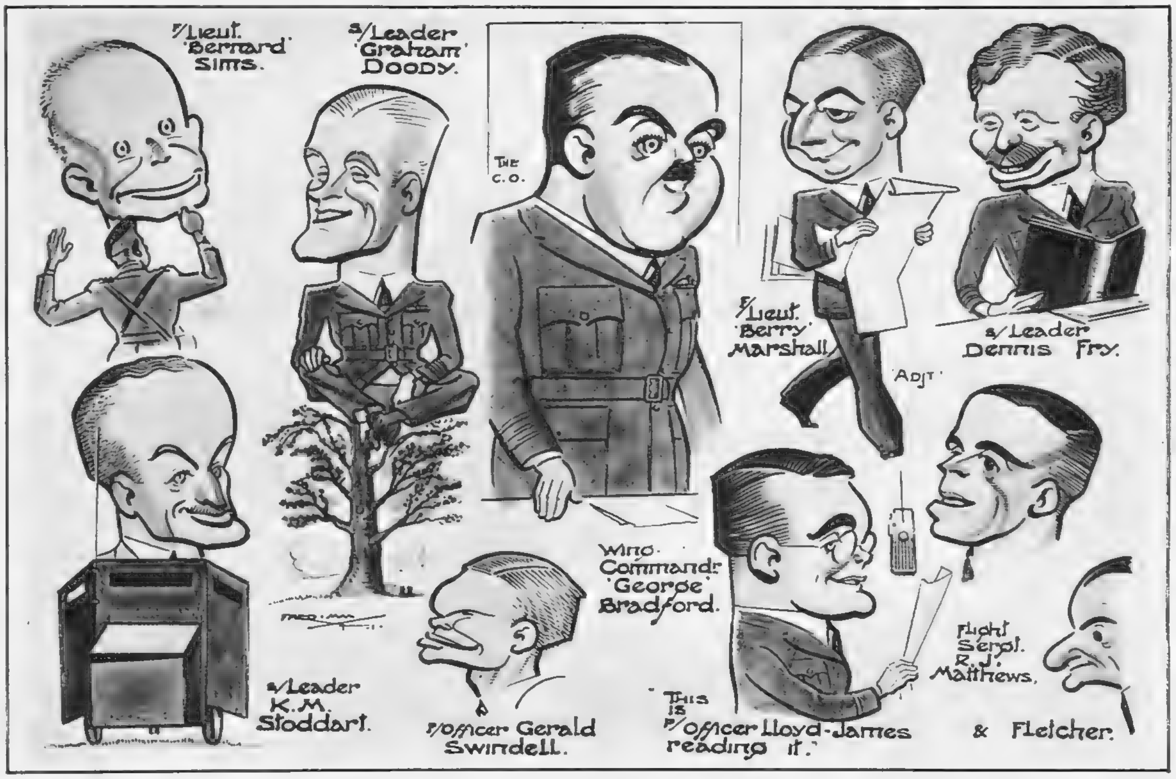
Mr. Alex Comfort surveys the present, and so uncomfortable is his vision of it that one wonders if his rather unusual name may not have been assumed in irony: for Job's comforters were rays of sunshine compared with him. His subject is the war as it affected a German pacifist, first in Germany and then in England. Attached to a hospital in Cologne, young Dr. Breitz returns from a cure for tuberculosis to find that his wife has been discovered smuggling young men out of the country: later, he finds her, after days of frenzied uncertainty, beaten up by the Nazis and almost lifeless. Aided by a friend, they make their escape down the Rhine stowed away in a barge: after frightful dangers and discomforts, brilliantly related, a Greek boat brings them to England. Here they hope for freedom and peace, but no; war has been declared, and Dr. Breitz is torn away from his wife, who has just given birth to a child, and interned. The muddle and disorganisation in the internment camp cause sufferings hardly less acute than the deliberate cruelties practised by the Germans; still without seeing his wife, Breitz is hustled into the *Star of Asia* which, on its way to Canada, is torpedoed with every circumstance of horror; but he is among the survivors.

"No Such Liberty" is a terrible story, almost unbearably painful to read; and if the incidents it describes are true—and we have no reason to doubt the author's word—it would be impossible to imagine a more damaging indictment of modern civilisation. "You may laugh," says Breitz's friend, Straub, "but really, after the last year, I prefer bacteria and corpses to my fellow-men." Mr. Comfort writes very well, and exhibits a formidable and almost oppressive knowledge of medical science. An author of great promise, it is to be hoped that misanthropy will not deter him from writing further novels.

Figures of Fun.

Mr. John Brophy supplies an antidote. "Solitude Island" is a farce that Mr. John Brophy's delicate sense of character and masterly craftsmanship turn into comedy. As often in stories of this type, figures of fun rub shoulders with characters drawn in the round. Sir Jasper Bleek, proprietor of Clutterpool's Store and owner of Solitude Island, a country retreat surrounded by the Thames, is a figure of fun, as is his wife with the collection of lame dogs she not only helped but housed. On the other hand, her daughter Daphne, and the young biologist whom Daphne means to make her own, and Esmeralda, the mannequin who intervenes between her and her ambitions, are drawn with more regard to probability. One can almost believe in them, whereas one cannot believe in the Professor or his companion in Lady Bleek's hospitality, the pickpocket. The unaquatic Nigel's adventures in the punt with Daphne are very funny, and if the series of events which unite the lovers is a little too elaborate, it yields some diverting situations. I like the way Mr. Brophy writes: "Esmeralda assented, her eyes expanding tenderly and returning at a superbly uneconomic rate of interest the brilliance of the starshine overhead."

A conceit, no doubt, and facetious, too; but all the same it shows, as Mr. Brophy so often does, a real love of phrase-making, not to be undervalued in these times when most writers are as afraid of turning a phrase as ordinary people are of striking an attitude.



Here we have a UNIT OF FIGHTER COMMAND, R.A.F., *showing the able chief, Wing Commander J. R. Bradford, with some of his staff of instructors.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Between the Acts. By Virginia Woolf. (*The Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.*)
In the Mill. A Chapter of Autobiography. By John Masefield. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
No Such Liberty. By Alex Comfort. (*Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.*)
Solitude Island. By John Brophy. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

The seventeenth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

SALLY GRAY *as Carole Peters, the American heiress who falls in love with Stefan; a Cecil Beaton photograph.*

Carole Peters meets Stefan Radetzky (ANTON WALBROOK) *in a Warsaw air raid. He is playing the piano. The sequences in which the young couple are seen falling in love against a background of terror, are very striking.*

"DANGEROUS MOONLIGHT" SYMPHONY PLAYERS.

"DANGEROUS MOONLIGHT," new R.K.O. Radio picture, begins its run at the Regal to-morrow, August 14, with a special performance in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Carole Peters and Stefan Radetzky meet and fall in love during an air raid on Warsaw, during which he is playing the "Warsaw Symphony," marry, and quarrel because he joins the Air Force; but are reconciled after dramatic episodes. Miss Gray's beauty is enhanced by the costumes designed for her by Cecil Beaton.

Carole considers that Stefan can best serve his country through his music, but he decides to join the Polish Air Force Squadron, and goes on active service. This entails a quarrel, but the couple are reunited after Stefan has been wounded.

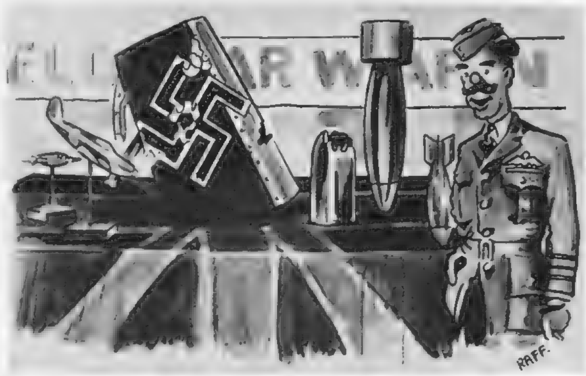
CANADIAN PILOT WRITES HOME.

R.A.F., England.

DEAR OLD HANK,

Here 's my second letter to you from England—I hope you received the first. I 'm afraid the majority of my news this time, as in my former letter, is concerned with the Raf, solely because I have been so almighty busy flying that I have been unable to see much of the outside world. Most nights I spend in the Mess having a few jugs and slinging darts. (Incidentally, these English guys are just plumb crazy over this kid's game—at least, that 's how I *used* to look upon it. You ought to try it some time: it's a revelation!)

I reckon you 'll have heard all about these War Weapons Weeks. Well, last week I took part in one — for a single day only. This township and neighbouring burgs decided to raise a certain sockful of dough to help buy some aircraft, so the local Raf station—that 's us—put on a show.



There was a Squadron Leader there.

Exactly how I got mixed up in this rantan I don't rightly know. Anyhow, my name appeared on a board and I duly stooged along to the shop we had requisitioned for the show.

There was a Squadron Leader there arranging the various exhibits, and he informed me that I had got to spin the public a few tales and give 'em the " gen " (information) on the various objects with which he, the Squadron Leader, was littering the room. Not such a bad request, you think, eh? Well, it wouldn't have been if I 'd known what half the exhibits were!

I am so almighty busy . . .

Imagine me, Hank! . . . It 's half-past nine, and as I fling open the door of the joint to let in the sun, in swarms a horde of grubby nippers, sprinkled here and there with a self-conscious adult. Holy smoke! Talk about a cyclone! No sooner do I wrench one kid ofen the goddam things than a fresh batch surge to the attack. Then the adults! . . .

" No, Ma'am, you can't have a piece of silk from the parachute . . . "—" . . . and if you wish to drop a bomb on Hitler, Sir, just drop a greenback in the slot."—" Yes, Mister, that gun sure is almighty powerful, but it 'll be sweet-all use if you don't stop disembowelling it . . . "

Anyhow, I managed O.K. until midday, when the little half-pinters get reinforcements in the form of the village school. Gee, Hank, are those kids smart! Quicker'n a rattler. They know the name of every model in the place; they even produce their own models from their capacious pockets—I 'm completely gummed (stuck), especially when I tell 'em that the model of a Tomahawk is a Hurricane.

" Pilot, huh? " says one of the smaller ones. Snakes! I feel bad, even more minute than the kid.

I have another pilot there to help me, but he has more sense and disappears to the " Comet " and I 'm left all alone. By now the kids have overwhelmed me: half of 'em are trying to lift a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound bomb (finding it too heavy, they shove it over and explain to my exasperated self that " they wanted to see underneath "!); the other half are shipwrecked at sea in the rubber dinghy and having one helluva fine time. Not so the boat. (But I must confess, Hank, it sure gave me confidence to see the way that dinghy stood up to the bouncing of those kids; no sea would ever give it half as bad a battering!)

What a day! But I will say this for the little buttons—they stumped up their nickels straight. We had a small practice bomb with a slot cut in it and used it as a collecting-box, and it was as big an attraction as any other of the exhibits—probably because we had the foresight to paint it red and green with a white tail! So much for the War Weapons Week!

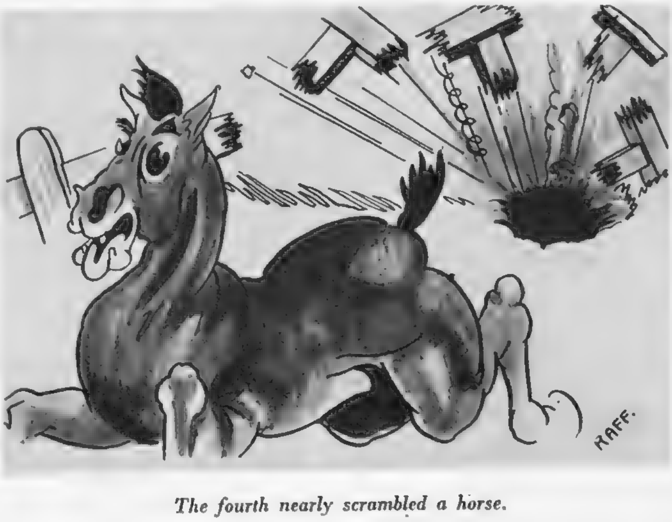
A few days ago I had some *real* excitement: the Flight Commander sent us up to do some shallow dive-bombing. We had eight small practice bombs on board and had to fly to a small triangular target in the midst of some fields. Eventually we arrived at the target and prepared to attack. (Remember the time when you and I, as a couple of kids, grabbed our courage in our grimy hands and took a turn on the Ferris Wheel at Nelson—Al. G. Barnes' circus, wasn't it? Anyway, it was just the same experience as that; a bit frightening at first but real jimdandy when you got used to it.)

Anyway, Hank, there we are, flying around in a circle a few thousand feet above the target, while another 'plane beneath us completes his bombing. My observer sings out, " Okay; all clear! " and I go in and bomb.

Unfortunately, I had only recently seen " Wings Over the Navy " and " Flight Command." Memories of 'planes hurtling earthwards at colossal angles flashed into my mind and I ram the control column forward. Every hole and crack in the 'plane becomes a shrieking whistle of air. An indignant squeak from my air-gunner informs me that he 's banged his head on the turret, and I am so goddam busy watching the altimeter needle going lower and lower, and concentrating upon pulling out of the dive in time, that I completely forget to bomb. My gunner is real mad at me, but I don't hear much of his cussing, because my ears are all bunged up through coming down so fast. The next run-in I'm more careful. I go about three miles away and glide in gradually. We are doing over two hundred miles an hour when I press the bomb-switch. A quick, steep turn and we can see the bomb just bursting. Believe it or not, Hank—a *direct* hit! Well, there are congratulations all round and we run in for the second trip. I did exactly the same as before but, well, you know how it is . . . A grand puff of smoke billows up slap in the middle of a hedge. The least said about the rest of the trip the better. But you should have seen my Flight Commander when he saw the results—he was absolutely rampaging. Apparently we had hit the target once, the canal twice, three bombs couldn't be found, and the fourth nearly scrambled a horse. But it all comes with practice, and we sure are better now.

Holy smoke! Talk about a cyclone!

You should have seen my Flight Commander.



The fourth nearly scrambled a horse.

Must scram now to see my first cricket match. " Well held, Sir! Jolly good catch, what? " Aw, shucks . . .

All the best, Hank,

BRICK CHALMERS.

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER.*

By OLGA L. ROSMANITH.

ROSALIND stared out of the train window, fighting her terrible desire to weep. She must not disgrace herself in public. Her mother would be waiting at Charing Cross, full of maternal sympathy and indignation. Then she could cry on that faithful shoulder in the taxi. In the meantime, her teeth bit into the tremble of her lower lip.

She had been civilised and modern when Don told her of his change of heart. Pride had been a shield to hide her wounds. "But, Don, dear, you 're right. Of course you 're right. A thousand times better to tell me than go through with it and hurt us all."

But she didn't think he was right. She thought he was wrong. Bitterly, selfishly, wickedly wrong. Engaged for two years. Postponement after postponement. Waiting for him to reach the state of security he judged necessary for marriage. And now he was going to marry immediately a girl he had known for only three weeks. But *immediately*. After all the sacrifices she had made for him. So willing to change her plans at the slightest hint. Oh, what a fool to have been so willing to wait!

And the hypocrisy of his confession. "You 're a marvellous girl, Rosalind. A girl in a million. But this is different. Something I never knew existed. I can't help myself. I 'll never forget you or stop caring for you, but Betty Ann drives me crazy. I 've tried to give her up, but I can't. She 's a fever in my blood."

"You don't have to give her up, Don. Here 's your ring. I understand."

That at least was not hypocrisy. She understood only too well. So well that now she wondered how she had ever got engaged in the first place. The habit of being together, probably. They were both lonely. Working in the same London law office, far from home, and living in impersonal rooms in town. Rosalind swallowed to open her tightening throat. Maybe he got the idea that a pleasant little home she made would be better than being neglected by a landlady. Maybe he had never actually loved her at all. Now she looked back, he hadn't. Not if this tempestuous emotion about Betty Ann was love. No, he had never been in love with her at all.

They were going to marry in six months when they first got engaged. He had seemed happy about it then. They had sometimes gone week-ends to his home, like this last disastrous week-end, and—more often—week-ends to hers. It had never been a brilliantly rapturous experience, such as you read about in books, but she wasn't a glamorous girl, so she would never dare expect that.

But she had been warmly happy because she loved and was loved. She was chosen to be a wife and have a home of her own and a devoted, substantial husband. She was chosen to belong. To hold an important place in the human scheme of things.

Then, with Don's recurring alibis about the difficulty of a young lawyer getting started, happiness had begun to die. Her mother had been ominous about the last postponement. "If you don't marry quick, Rosalind, it 's going to be too late."

"Too late, Mom? Too late for what?"

"Too late to get married at all."

"What do you want me to do? Hurry a man that isn't ready?"

"Sure. Keep on with your job, if you must. But, mark me, a long engagement is a weariness and a strain. Better furnish at the dime store than wait until it 's too late."

Rosalind had stayed awake thinking about that all one night. Next day she had been very straight with Don.

"Look, darling, I could go on working till you reached the place you 've set. Girls do it now. It 's quite the thing."

"I don't want my wife to work, that 's all."

"But, dear, that 's so old-fashioned; it 's archaic."

"All right. I 'm archaic. If you want me you 'll take me just the way I am. You do want me, don't you?"

That obstinate set to his mouth. She had said "Yes" meekly and dropped the subject. She saw now that he would have been relieved if she had shown fight and said "No."

The landscape streamed from the train. A green blur of fields, hot sky and bright sunlight. It hurt her eyes and she closed them. To see Betty Ann's exquisite face like a painting in the lids. An astounding, irresistible face that the bitterest jealousy could not detract from. And baby-soft, silver-gilt hair and a flawless, dryad-like figure.

When *she* had said she would marry Don, he had thrown all his caution overboard. He wanted *her* in two days, two hours, two minutes—not two years.

I 'm just not attractive, thought Rosalind. I 've no glamour for men. Brown eyes and brown hair. Just another girl—and there are millions of them. Every dog has his day and that was mine. I don't excite anyone. No one would turn for a second look. What 's the use of going on living? I want a husband, too. I don't mind work. But I hate being lonesome for love. Tears swam into her closed eyes. She turned from the window and opened them. A young man was staring at her fixedly from the other side of the aisle.

Rosalind felt hot all over. Watching her making a show of herself. Speculating on the cause of her suffering. She gave him an angry glare, turned away and dabbed her eyes furtively with her handkerchief. She glanced round again. He was still watching her, with an inscrutable, steady look. His eyes were searchingly intent. Smoke-blue and set far back in shadows in his head. They looked as if they could see right through to the inner weeping of her heart.

She turned her back on him with a furious gesture to indicate her resentment of his intrusion on her privacy. But she could not rid herself of the feeling that he was interested in her humiliation and guessed the reason. She felt as if his gaze were still upon her. She turned over the magazines on the seat beside her and glanced up under her lashes. It still was.

I must move, she thought nervously, I can't stand it. It 's unbearable. She stood up, put on her hat and jacket, collected her magazines. He must know I 'm moving because of him. Evidently he did not care. He went on watching her.

Fury gave her brief courage. She bent to him as she passed. "You 're very rude to stare like that. I 'm moving because I don't like it."

He had a sensitive face and it reddened. "Oh, I *beg* your pardon," he said in a low, cultured voice. "I didn't realise I was embarrassing you. But you 're so lovely to look at, it 's at least half your fault."

Rosalind felt her own face flush. The response was so gentle and unexpected. She went down the car without answering and took a place near the door, out of sight. But her anger had vanished, and some of the pain about Don had lost its barb in her heart. He could be right. Better to tell her than marry her and let her find out after. And I 'm only twenty-two, she thought. At twenty-two there 's still hope of something beautiful happening in life. She picked up a magazine and was able to concentrate on a story.

Her mother was waiting on the platform at Charing Cross. She came running to Rosalind with concern and anxiety on her homely, familiar face. "Dear *child*! What a way to treat you. I 'll make him pay for this. Wait till I talk to him."

Rosalind returned her embrace, then linked her arm through hers and followed the redcap to a taxi. "You 're not going to talk to him, Mom. I shouldn't have wired you to be here. I did it in a weak moment. It was cowardice. I shouldn't have been as cowardly as that."

Mom defended Rosalind against herself. "That wasn't cowardice. The cowardice was breaking my little girl's heart."

Rosalind helped her mother into the taxi and jumped in after her. It left the station and sped through the exciting streets of London. "My heart 's not broken, Mom. It was a shock. But Don was right. He never loved me the way he loves Betty Ann. So I wasn't the girl for him. I 'd rather wait till I meet the man I 'll be the girl for that way and be loved liked that. It 's worth waiting for. It might be any time."

Mom's face straightened out and she heaved a deep, gusty sigh of relief. "I 'm glad. That 's the right attitude—if you have the courage. I faced the same thing myself once and it turned out for the best. And you 're a beauty. I wasn't."

Rosalind squeezed her mother's arm. "Oh, Mom! Such nonsense!" But she was confident and reassured. Not by Mom, but by the smoke-blue eyes of a stranger.

A stranger who was now being driven across town in a luxurious black limousine by a young man who had met him at the station.

"How did you get on, Geoff?" the friend asked him.

"Oh, very well. No trouble at all. I offended a girl again by staring at her, but I apologised in the manner you suggested and it seemed to work. She had a young, gentle voice."

The friend laughed. "Now I 'll tell you about my little surprise. I 'm taking you to a dog-training establishment, where you 'll learn to handle a present from me. You won't be blind any more, Geoff. It 's trained to take care of you—an almost human shepherd dog." [THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

Perfectly Matched

Each of the fine whiskies used in blending "Black & White" is carefully selected for its individual qualities, and then perfectly matched to achieve the distinctive flavour and character for which "Black & White" is renowned the world over.

"BLACK & WHITE"

It's *the* Scotch!

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"IT all depends upon what you call good news," the broker considered. "Do you mean a complete collapse of the enemy, or what?"

"Well," said Our Stroller, "I was thinking more of what you might call general good news: a smack in the eye for the Japs; or a kick in the pants for the Germans. That sort of thing, you know. If we got any really good news, what prices, do you think, have the best chance of improving?"

"You take it for granted that there 'd be a general rise? Markets don't always act up to expectation. But you 'd like to be prepared for a jump, eh? Well, you 'd see Old Consols and Locals go up pretty sharply, I should guess."

"Not the War stock?"

"You haven't the same scope for a rise in War Loan or Consol. Fours that you can see in the stocks standing under par."

"If Goschens and Locals go up pretty sharply, as you say, ought not that to cause equally sharp rises in banking and insurance shares?"

"Logically, that should be the effect. Bank shares have hardened a good deal of late, thanks to the gilt-edged boomlet. But on any really good news, you wouldn't be able to buy shares at anything like to-day's figures. Holders will refuse to part, and the jobbers will be chary of selling a bear, except at higher prices."

"Then, in your opinion, there is a prospect of another rise in banking shares if we had good news?"

"A very fair chance. So there is in the insurance market. It 's hard enough already to get hold of shares in the best insurance companies. They would go to famine prices if there were to be any rush for things."

"Perhaps, after all," Our Stroller observed, "you might just as well put what little money you have into the present Government war borrowings. Don't you think so?"

"You do help the country in that way, and your income doesn't greatly suffer," the broker returned.

"You can't very well say that," Our Stroller objected. "There are gilt-edged industrial shares that pay 4½ to 5 per cent. on the money."

"We know that. But you take the net difference between the yield on Defence Threes or Savings Bonds and the yield on, for example, the best electricity supply shares, and you 'll find there 's not a vast amount in it."

"Apart from which," the partner added, "we 've got to win this war, and we 've got to find the money for doing it. Coming over? Hullo, Jack! Where did you blow in from?"

"Convoy, Sir," said the youngster. "Brought in the whole bunch safely, too. 'Excitement,' Sir? Nothing very great. Couple of subs. one day; that 's about all."

"Any promotion yet? Last time you came you were an ordinary seaman."

"Now I 'm able seaman, Sir. Three-and-six a day, you know. Tot of rum, too, or threepence: whichever you 'd rather. And twenty fags a day without duty. We pay half-a-crown a hundred in the Navy. And they charge duty of six-and-threepence a hundred if we take extra cigarettes ashore."

"Come and look us up after three o'clock," the partner invited. "Any day that you 're free we shall be glad to see you——"

They stopped at the table in the Yankee Market where two men sit all day to deal with applications for National War Bonds and other war issues.

On the wall behind their table is a gigantic thermometer, marked at the appropriate intervals with the cost of various Navy needs—bomber, corvette, cruiser, battleship. A movable indicator shows the total amount subscribed in the latest Stock Exchange war-savings drive.

"The idea 's all right," the broker observed, "but the place is too inconspicuous. Half the House never sees our financial temperature."

"You couldn't have it in the middle of a market. It would be too much in fellows' way."

"That 's so," the broker admitted. "We couldn't have it in the Oil Market, at any rate. Look at them. Quite busy, aren't they?"

"Not enough public to satisfy us smaller jobbers," said one of them. "We would like to see more general interest. Still, we mustn't complain. Close buy Burmah!" he shouted. "Close to over in three hundred Burmah!"

He pointed his pencil at two men who had nodded to him, and the three of them booked the bargains.

"These oil shares are as good as anything you can put on one side for after the war," a jobber was assuring his pet broker. "Nothing better, so far as I can see. But then, I 'm prejudiced, you know."

The broker agreed that it couldn't very well be otherwise. "I came up in the train," he went on, "with a man I know who asked me what stocks and shares would most benefit by any good news."

Our Stroller started. "What a funny thing!" he exclaimed softly. "The very question I asked you."

"And I told him," the broker was continuing, "that the first effect would be to put up all the popular shares, such as Imperial Tobacco, Courtaulds, Chemicals, Cements—anything in which there 's a bear account."

"I should say that there would be a run on the shares of all companies whose business is affected by rationing or restricted supplies. Harrods, Barkers, Woolworth, Marks and Spencer——"

"The difficulty will be to pick the company whose shares will have the greatest rise."

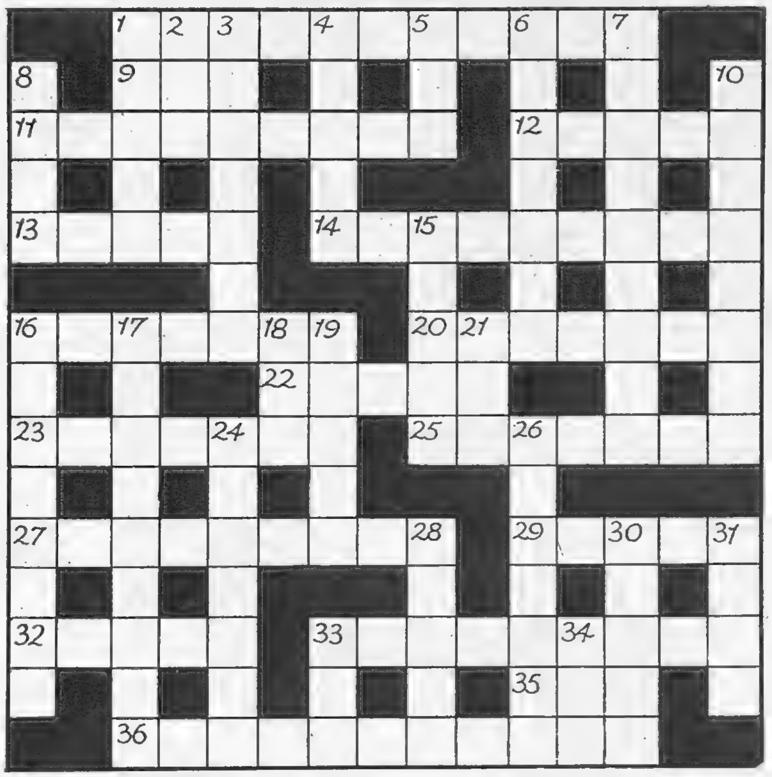
"Tell me that," said Our Stroller, "and I will stand you a lunch. Or even a dinner! A real post-war dinner!"

"It sounds too good to be true. Do you think I might have something on account? No: this way. That door 's closed for duration. Two dry sherries, please," the broker ordered. "Cheerio! Here 's to the biggest rise."

"Let you and me give an aircraft carrier," Our Stroller proposed. "That's only £3,300,000," and the broker, readily assenting, said he thought his overdraft would just about stand it.

Friday, August 8, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Does Oxford or Cambridge make one so aristocratic? (hyphen; 4 and 7)
9. Succession (3).
11. Not the A.R.P. warden's idea of enjoyment (three words; 1, 5, 3).
12. Is in beer and in church (5).
13. This animal may be male in spite of its head (5).
14. His hands must certainly not be in his pockets, or men will perhaps (two words; 4, 5).
16. Annoyed if disturbed (7).
20. No Man's Land? (7).
22. Might be considered a stranger in a strange land (5).
23. Practice is better, they say (7).
25. Rest-day (anag.; 7).
27. Grim bears yield it and so do whales (9).
29. An armchair covered with this is intended to be (5).
32. Case for a lawyer to get up at night (5).
33. Connotes a revolution in military circles (two words; 5, 4).
35. From the gas works (3).
36. Largely responsible for the increase in housebreaking (11).

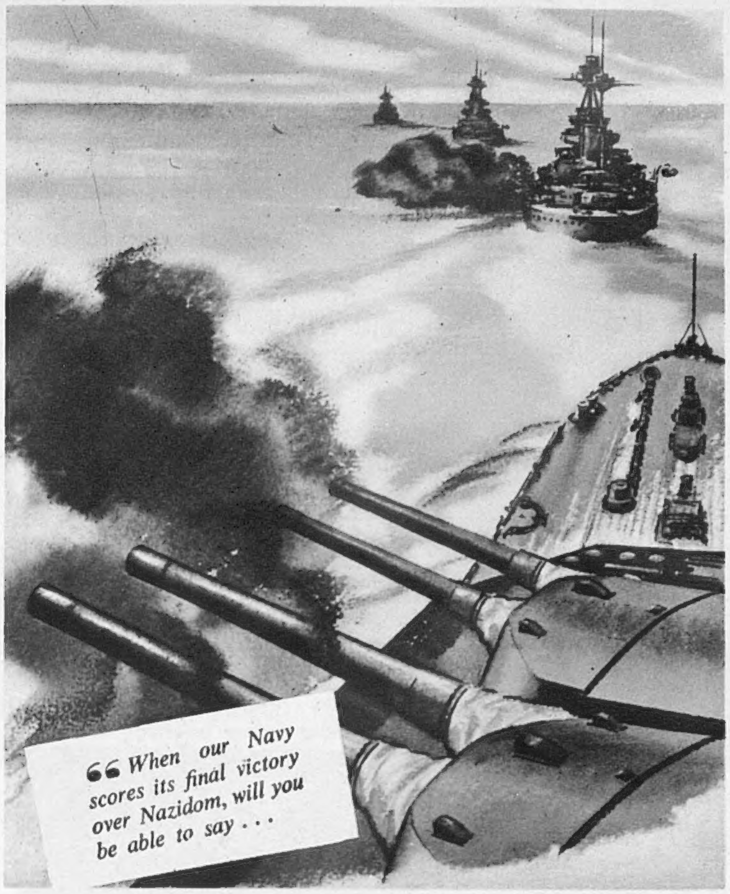
DOWN.

1. Lady in the Inner Hebrides (5).
2. Pull a Scotman's ear (3).
3. This sort of remark is out of place (7).
4. Great commercial activity about middle age—the prime, in fact (5).
5. Frequently in the nick of time (3).
6. Nothing in a fabulous creature suggests the soldier (7).
7. Its victim has few courses open to him (9).
8. There 's quite a lot in service here (4).
10. Just given away (8).
15. There are many in pages, more particularly train-bearers (5).
16. Estimate is a paper read another way (8).
17. In the sea, not too much affected by ennui (9).
18. Surely you won't find it on a wide-awake (3).
19. Competitors have to (5).
21. January to February (3).
24. A murder has been arranged especially for the listener (7).
26. A Foreign dish (7).
28. Many people who never read him term him great (5).
30. Journeys in France (5).
31. Second to this is first (4).
33. To a man (3).
34. Brown to beat (3).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JULY 30.

ACROSS.—1. Decided. 5. Lucknow. 9. String orchestra. 10. Rose. 11. Onset. 12. Solo. 15. Semitone. 16. Gratis. 18. Tasset. 19. Kickshaw. 22. Eyas. 23. Gross. 24. Isis. 27. Smoking carriage. 28. Sassoon. 29. Everton.

DOWN.—1. Deserts. 2. Christmas carols. 3. Dine. 4. Drowning. 5. Lackey. 6. Chef. 7. Not worth his salt. 8. Weapons. 13. Utter. 14. Drake. 17. Misstate. 18. Tresses. 20. Western. 21. Aragon. 25. Silo. 26. Free.



..I went all out"

When the great and final moments of this war come and Democracy thunders out the doom of tyrants, will you be able to claim that you, too, did all you could?

We cannot all fight—but we can all get behind the fighting man and hand him up the tools. And one way to see that he gets the tools is to save till it hurts—to spend not a farthing more than you need—and so to leave everything possible for the Nation's service to help to win the war.

Buy
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SIMPLE in line, but ever so decorative, is the model on the left. There is the merest suggestion of the Dolly Vardon about it, which accounts for its air of youth. The clusters of flowers that alight on the crown increase its charm and give it the much desired height. It must be related that the trio are reinforced with clever gadgets for holding them in position. As a matter of fact, it is well worth mentioning that they are primarily destined for wearing at weddings and other social functions. The bride will look on them with favour for herself and her bridesmaids.

IT has been said by many important medical authorities that there is no better mental tonic than a new hat, nor is there a more effective letter of introduction. Therefore, Harrods, Knightsbridge, have sponsored the trio pictured on this page. They are all carried out in rich burgundy velvet, enriched with flowers, the latter shading from burgundy to pale-pink. It will be seen that the beret has returned to favour, but in rather a different form: even in wartime fashion is never stagnant.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

AUTUMN BERETS IN BURGUNDY VELVET

PLAQUE AND MORTAR-BOARD CROWNS

FLOWERS SHADE FROM BURGUNDY TO PINK

IT is strange, nevertheless it is a fact, that the gauging on the crown of the hat on the extreme left has been inspired by the shell of the humble snail. It will be seen that the waves are higher on one side than the other, being balanced by a cluster of perfectly shaded flowers. The model in the centre has a tilted mortar-board crown turned up at the back, forming a background for the flowers. Quite a new note is struck by the shady "peach" velours — weight is insignificant, some being box-pleated at the back.

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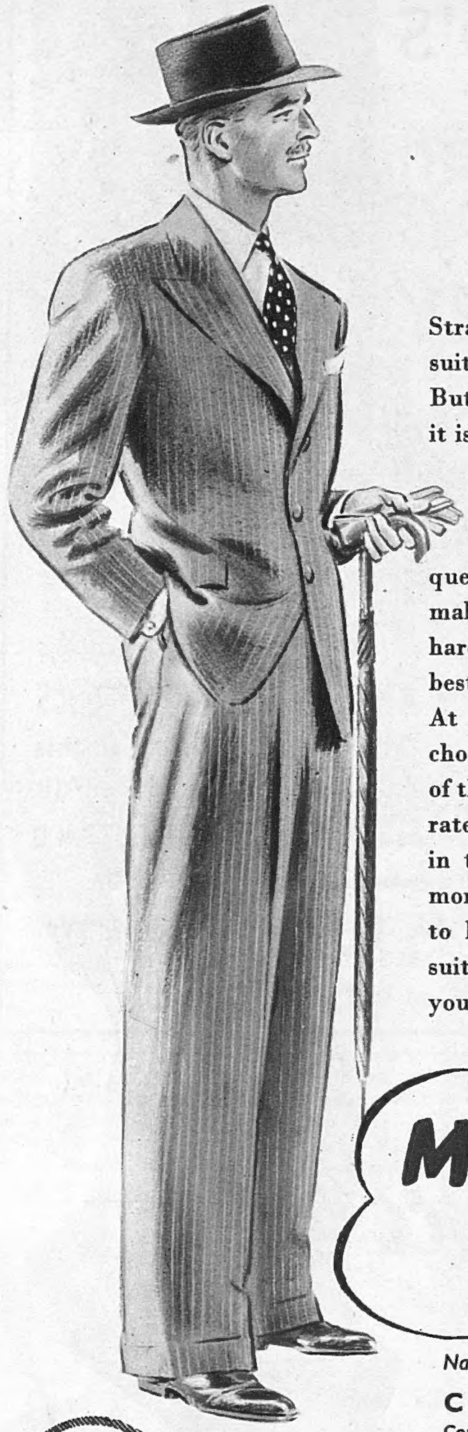

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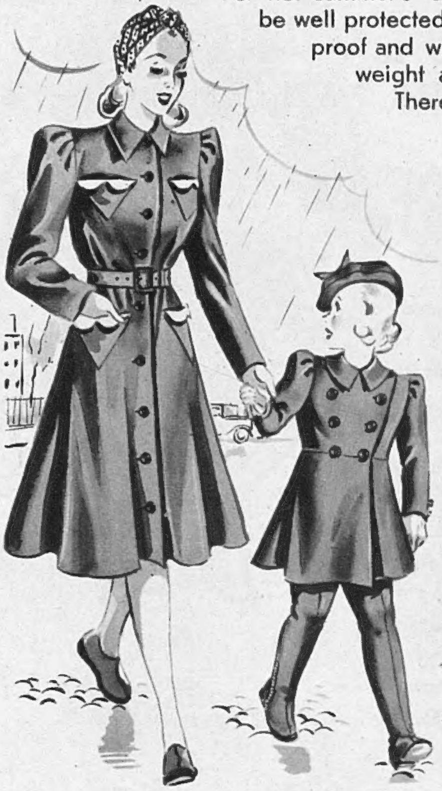

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